JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 2, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1220.
Vol. XLVI.

OVER A MILLION SALE

A MESSAGE TO MEN

The Wife Who Works for You Needs this Tonic

It is sometimes only with an effort that your wife gets through the day's work. Yet she always has a meal ready for you when you get home. Wouldn't she appreciate it if you brought her back a tonic! A bottle of Wincarnis—that most wonderful tonic!

She needs Wincarnis at times. It will make her feel ever so much better—ever so much brighter. Wincarnis contains all the good things she needs. Body building meat extract, the rich, red juices of grapes, vitamin malt and a marvellous hypophosphite nerve tonic. That's what she wants—Wincarnis! And your reward will be—a wife who is the picture of radiant health, with cheeks aglow and eyes shining. Take home a bottle of Wincarnis for her to-night.

WINCARNIS

THE WINE OF LIFE

FOR THE WOMAN WHO THINKS OF YOU

W.P. 100/29

Aldwych

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.

Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue B., Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

DRAPERS.—Buy your supplies from the Largest Warehouse. Stocks of Hosiery, Remnants, Readymades, etc. Large Catalogue Free. —H. Clegg (Dept. B.), Turner St., Manchester.

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EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties, free —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

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A FREE book of designs and sample of CATESBYS CORK LINO are offered on page 33.

IF you are thinking of buying a Gramophone, do not overlook the FULLOTONE advt. on this page. A free Coloured Catalogue is offered. Other GRAMOPHONE offers are made by O'BRIEN (p. 12), HOBEY (p. 14), GRAVES (p. 29), MEAD (p. 35).

SEVEN days' free trial of the VITAPHONIC SOUNDBOX. See page 29.

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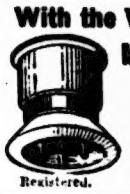

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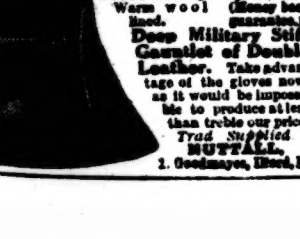

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To advertise our 20-page Catalogue of over 200 Government Bargains we are making a special offer to John Bull readers of a pair of guaranteed whipcord trousers for the advertising price of 5/11

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Over 40 in. waist 1s. extra.

These are of smart cut, Dark Grey in colour, turned up bottoms and hip pocket, and as TOUGH AS IRON IN WEAR. AND WE GUARANTEE TO REPLACE SHOULD THEY FAIL. Remember, cash refunded if not honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating waist measurement, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

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Think what it would mean to you in health and pocket to be done with tobacco, and write to-day for descriptive Booklet and particulars of this genuine Treatment—The Stanley Institute (Room B.5), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

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Cash or C.O.D.

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1 pretty Alhambra Quilt double bed, lovely colours.
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FREE GIFT Charming Lady's Work Bag with every order.

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THESE ARE THE GENUINE YALE GLOVE.

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Deep Military Stiff Gauntlet of Double Leather. Take advantage of the gloves now, as it would be impossible to produce at less than treble our price.

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Giant parcel of Spring flowering bulbs. Assorted varieties and all different colours. The parcel includes Daffodils, Soleil-D'Or, Prime, Irises (mixed), Tulips and Gladioli in various colours.

48 BULBS for 2/6 Post Free

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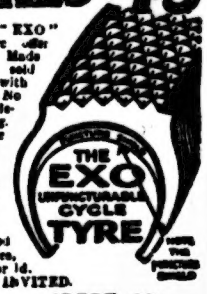

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For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY
for Week ending Saturday, Nov. 2, 1929. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world 1½d.*

THERE is regret among members of the Cabinet that more unity does not prevail among the miners. It is hampering them considerably in formulating a policy which might steer the coal industry clear of an upheaval this winter.

* * *

Mr. A. J. Cook, contrary to previous custom, seems to be taking a far more statesmanlike view of the situation than Mr. Herbert Smith, who can be very obstinate when he wants to.

There are three schools of thought among the miners. The first group wants peace if it is humanly possible, even though it may involve the temporary postponement of some of the things for which they are aiming. The second group has set itself on a definite programme of demands and is ready to fight to get them. The third group, headed by the Communists, wants a fight at all costs.

* * *

If only the miners would pull together, the Cabinet would be in a better position to decide just what to do for them.

A *bad police affair*

What does the Home Office propose to do about the latest police scandal, which Londoners will be relieved to hear does not affect the Metropolitan Police Force, but which shows that there are black sheep to be found in the snug folds of provincial forces.

* * *

The Leicester City Constabulary has provided a sensation following on the resignation, after twenty-seven years' service, of Chief Superintendent William Judd.

It appears that when he was in charge of the local Police Benevolent Fund he helped himself to something like £200; but no charge was made against him because he was able to borrow money in the nick of time to pay back what he had taken.

* * *

But this lapse is nothing compared with other exploits of this highly placed officer, for he has now admitted that he has obtained large sums from various local publicans.

He says they were "loans." In all, over £3,000 has been traced to him as having been raised from local citizens in complete defiance of the law it was his duty to enforce; for it goes without saying that he could scarcely prosecute a man to whom he was heavily indebted.

And, so far, Judd has not lost his pension, which is over £330 a year.

Three years

In drawing up its legislative programme, the Government is calculating upon remaining in office for at least three years.

It counts on some Bills being rejected by the House of Lords, but hopes to be in office long enough to secure the ultimate passage of those measures by the procedure prescribed under the Parliament Act—that is by passing the Bills in the Commons three years in succession, and then taking them over the heads of the Lords to the Crown.

Sinews of peace

We have it on good authority that one of the first things the Soviet Ambassador will do on reaching London—assuming that Parliament approves the Government's proposals for inviting him to come—will be to issue an invitation for some thousands of British engineers to emigrate to Russia, where there is an acute shortage of competent engineers.

About a quarter of a million technicians are needed altogether, and the invitation is also to be made to other countries with which Russia has diplomatic relations.

An undertaking will be given that the engineers will receive a fair deal on arrival in Russia.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Miners' Triangular Squabble

Reds Seek Engineers

Shylock Banks

Five Naval doves

Here, almost certainly, is the composition of the American delegation which will attend London's January five-Power conference on naval disarmament.

Secretary of State Stimson, Hoover's right-hand man, will be in charge. His colleagues will be Senator Hale of Maine, Senator Swanson of Virginia (chairman of the U.S. Senate's Committee on Naval Affairs), General Dawes, U.S. Ambassador in London, and Mr. Gibson, U.S. Ambassador to Belgium.

All are moderate men. Senator Swanson is the only possible nigger in any possible woodpile.

Any offers?

King Boris of Bulgaria, who has been described as Europe's most eligible young man, is in the curious position of not being able to find a wife.

Some time ago he visited England in the hope of finding in this country some fair young aristocrat willing to

"Marry me!" he begs

share his throne. But his search was unsuccessful.

He is now anxious to marry Princess Ileana of Italy, whom he met and fell in love with on a visit to Naples a few years ago.

But, as it often happens in the case of less exalted persons, his courtship has met with opposition as he belongs to the Orthodox Church while the princess is, of course, a pillar of the Church of Rome.

However, Mussolini has now taken the matter in hand, and hopes to convince both the Pope and the ecclesiastical authorities in Bulgaria that the proposed marriage would be all for the good.

Grasping

Some branches of the big banks are taking advantage of the high bank-rate to make an extra profit.

People with money on deposit at certain country branches are being offered only 2½ per cent. interest, although the banks can now lend this money at 7½ per cent. A 5 per cent. margin is altogether too much.

It is apparently only in country districts and with comparatively small depositors who are unlikely to raise questions that this is being done.

Since it is possible that the branch managers concerned are adopting this policy on their own responsibility, we advise the head offices to make enquiries.

Dead and alive

Many of our readers will remember the dramatic disappearance of Leone Tauber, who, following his arrest in connection with serious long-firm frauds, absconded his bail and apparently threw himself into the sea at Brighton, where his clothes were found.

That was in 1925, and we said at the time that the "suicide" was a fake.

We went further and disclosed the fact that Tauber was in hiding in Belgium, but no effective steps were taken by the police to bring him back to face the grave charges from which he had fled.

We are able to say that he is in Nuremberg, carrying on a business there in his own name.

Will he be brought back; or is his official file marked "dead"?

Imperial friendship?

British shipowners are faced with heavy losses, and hundreds of British seamen are being put out of work, as a result of the action of the big Canadian and American wheat pools in holding up supplies for higher prices.

This should be one of the busiest seasons in shipping grain from Canada and America to Europe. Instead, practically no grain is being shipped, and owners either have to accept freights at the lowest rates for years, owing to the surplus of tonnage, or else lay up their ships.

The Canadian pool, which is largely responsible for this situation, has the strong support of the Canadian Government.

Opposition by inquest

The replies to the *questionnaire* sent out to the constituencies by the Tory Party Executive agree almost unanimously on the causes of the Conservative defeat.

The chief cause is said to be the premature publication of the increased rate assessments under the 1925 Act during the election campaign.

There is general condemnation of the "Safety First" poster, and finally the leaders of the Party are condemned for the lack of a fighting programme.

The Conservative Central Office, which neither initiated nor desired the "inquest" by *questionnaire*, is doing its best to avoid reporting on the the numerous replies.

A great effort

According to present arrangements, Britain will attempt to break the world's non-stop record in the middle of November.

The Air Ministry is sending Squadron-Leader A. G. Jones-Williams and Flight-Lieutenant L. H. Jenkins on a 6,000-mile flight to Capetown in a specially constructed machine.

All the latest improvements in aeronautical design will be utilised, and the

Sent to Capetown with Flight-Lieut. Jenkins

physical training of the pilots has been going on for months.

But it has been decided that in order to economise weight no wireless will be carried. As wireless might mean all the difference between life and death to the gallant airmen, we hope the Air Ministry has not made its decision too hastily.

Planes preferred

A clash over the question of airships is likely within the Government ranks.

The enthusiastic praise which Lord Thomson, the Secretary of State for Air, has been bestowing on the *R101* is giving rise to hostility amongst many of his Ministerial and Parliamentary colleagues. Any move on his part to build more airships will be vigorously opposed.

Among the leaders of the anti-airship movement is Colonel L'Estrange Malone, M.P., who, as one of the first English naval officers to fly before the war, knows what he is talking about.

A galloping hen-roost

The Cabinet does not propose to afford sun-bathing facilities and amenities in St. James's Park.

It is especially anxious not to embark upon any innovation that would interfere with the tranquillity that His Majesty has hitherto been able to enjoy in Buckingham Palace—particularly in view of the great strain that his health has had to bear lately.

But there *will* be sun-bathing in Hyde Park before another twelve months are out.

By-the-bye, Mr. Lansbury would have more money if the rich riders in Rotten Row paid the £2,000 a year that the Row costs the taxpayer.

IF YOU SEE IT—*Continued*

All awry

The Ministry of Agriculture should look to its perambulating staff. Some of the gentlemen who instruct farmers may have passed wondrous examinations without knowing much about a farm.

The other day a farmer at work on his land was aware of a big car drawing up in the road on the further side of a field of growing rye.

A gorgeous person in plus-fours got out and walked or waded through the rye. Having reached the farmer and made certain who he was, he pointed to the rye and said *how wrong it was to plant oats there.*

In a few choice words the farmer told him where to go to find oats.

Putting war in its place

The trustees of the Imperial War Museum have introduced an innovation which may have a far-reaching effect on future generations. They are exchanging exhibits with the German Government.

Thus it promises to become a valuable educational record of the practice of warfare from all points of view.

This is all to the good if it leads our sons and grandsons to regard war as a subject fit only for antiquarian study in an international chamber of horrors.

The judge shortage

It is to be hoped that there will be no avoidable delay in filling the vacancy on the judicial Bench caused by the retirement of Mr. Justice Shearman.

Retiring after many years

Lord Hailsham, when Lord Chancellor, announced that the Government intended to pass legislation permanently increasing the strength of the King's Bench Division, but the vicissitudes of politics intervened.

Perhaps Lord Chancellor Sankey will continue the good work. For there is grumbling at the delays which occur through the shortage of judges. So much time is taken up with assize work that it frequently happens that only four or five courts are sitting in the King's Bench Division.

These delays are often a serious matter for young barristers who cannot get their cases heard, and to the litigants whom they represent.

Tuten beats the Teutons

We commented some time ago on the part played in the *Bremen's* record-breaking trans-Atlantic crossing by the German-designed Oertz rudder with which she was fitted.

A new British invention, the Tuten rudder, promises to eclipse the German success. Fitted to a tramp-steamer, it has raised her speed so considerably that she is now the fastest vessel of her class in the world.

Her owners declare that this British invention is streets ahead of anything of its kind.

Let 'em all come

America is now to make a bid for leadership of the Atlantic passenger shipping trade with four new liners, "bigger and faster than the *Leviathan.*"

The specifications of these ships are already being prepared. They will be built with the aid of a subsidy from the American Government.

British shipowners, however, are not worrying. Even without a subsidy, British shipbuilders can build better ships than America—the number of foreign firms who have their ships built here proves that.

This for remembrance

A pathetic figure of a man, weak from exhaustion and hunger, stumbled along the Great North Road. As he passed through Stibbington, near Peterborough, he collapsed.

A policeman revived him. He bore wounds received in the war, and could stand only with difficulty, but he insisted on continuing his journey from Kent to the bedside of his mother who was dying in Northumberland.

The local branch of the British Legion paid his fare to Newcastle.

A sorry little story. But the sorriest thing about it is that there are all over the country men with similar grit and similar war records who are up against odds just as great, but to whom no helping hand is extended.

Jail afloat

Charged at Lowestoft with deserting his ship, Sidney Norman, a fisherman, pleaded that his wife was ill and that he had given proper notice.

His skipper agreed that Norman had given a week's notice, but said that it was not legally valid because the ship had not been forty-eight hours in port when it was presented.

He added that his ship was never in port for so long a time. That clinched the argument and the Bench fined Norman £2 4s.

Must we believe that there is a law condemning a man to perpetual servitude at sea so long as his ship never happens to spend forty-eight hours in port?

Less child labour

Sir Charles Trevelyan, President of the Board of Education, is meeting with a great deal of obstruction from local education authorities in the preparations he is making to raise the school-leaving age to fifteen.

The real secret of much of the opposition is that employers are afraid that there is going to be a serious scarcity of child labour soon.

The effect of the decreased birth-rate during the war years is now beginning to be felt. There are less children coming into the schools; and as they are to be kept at school a year longer, five-shilling-a-week errand-boys will soon be at a premium.

Hard on the governor

Certain prison governors are backing a campaign to obtain longer sentences for prisoners. Their plea is that they have a better chance of reforming a man if he is in prison for six months or more.

There is a suspicion that prison governors favour the long sentence because a floating population of short-sentence prisoners makes administration difficult.

Surely men are not to be given long sentences merely for well-intentioned governors to have better opportunities of reforming them.

Will burglars see the bird?

It will be easy to get your photograph taken if experiments now being carried out in France prove a success.

French *gendarmes*, who already carry heavy revolvers, swords, rubber cudgels and other weapons, are to be provided with cameras to enable them to obtain first-hand photographic evidence of crimes and accidents.

This novel experiment is being watched with interest by the Home Office, and if it proves successful it may be adopted in this country, too.

Prepared

Long before it was announced that the Minister of Transport was to approach the insurance companies for their views on compulsory motor insurance, the companies had met to decide their attitude.

You may expect to see them fight compulsory insurance tooth and nail. They are afraid they might lose money through being no longer able to pick and choose their business.

Profits or eyesight?

While big profits are being made in the artificial-silk industry, the incidence of sickness among workers in the factories is very high.

"Instructed . . . to ginger up"

A great many of the workers in these factories become affected with eye troubles, and they are often unable to follow their employment.

The Home Secretary is keeping a close eye on the matter, and he has instructed the Chief Inspector of Factories, Sir Gerald Bellhouse, to ginger up the employers.

If they will not learn that their workpeople's sight is more precious than their own dividends, no doubt Mr. Clynes and Sir Gerald can find ways and means of teaching them this home-truth.

A record slump

The Goodson Gramophone Record Company is one of the many concerns floated during last year's Stock Exchange boom which have failed to realise their glowing prospectuses.

Instead of the estimated profit of £100,000, there is a loss on the first accounts of over £18,000. At one time the shares rose far above their nominal value, and those who bought at top prices must now repent their optimism.

The original directors have all resigned.

This points to the need for such a change in the Companies Acts as will make it compulsory on the first directors of a new company to remain in office until the first annual general meeting, so that the shareholders may have an opportunity of cross-examining them.

No hose policy

Motorists should steer clear of Cheshire. For the authorities there, careful of the public purse, have decreed that in future a fire brigade shall not be called to put out a blazing car.

Unless, of course, neighbouring Cheshire property is endangered. Then bring out your hose-pipes. Otherwise motorists must douse the flames with soda-water.

We had an idea that fire brigades were provided for public service. But perhaps the Cheshire authorities are keener on keeping the brass-work unspotted from the world.

Exclusive news

One of the mysterious activities of the Foreign Office is the compilation of the British Official Wireless, an excellent little news service which is broadcast daily from the Rugby station.

It costs John Citizen £9,000 a year. But what happens to it when it is sent out into the ether?

Seamen complain that on some ships it is taken down by the wireless operator for the private benefit of the captain, and never reaches the crew.

It won't wash

Mr. Randolph Butterfield, an egg-merchant of Hull, has failed to convince the stipendiary magistrate that his enthusiasm for clean eggs had no ulterior motive.

When charged with removing the marks of foreign origin from imported eggs, he agreed that the eggs were being washed, but that he was going to have them restamped.

The magistrate expressed his opinion of this explanation by imposing a fine of £5, with £10 10s. costs, and mentioned in passing that the penalty provided by the Merchandise Marks Act was inadequate.

Still, we hope that the case will be a warning to any egg-merchants who may have been cleaning their imported eggs until they look like "new."

Try something else

We have been inundated in recent months with complaints against E. Gillan, of Clifford Street, Glasgow, and of Hilltop, West Bromwich, a firm specialising in woollen garments.

Gillan advertises in the Press for home-workers to knit woollen garments at very attractive rates of pay. Applicants are asked to send a deposit of 10s., and are then given wool and working instructions.

Our readers complain that on receipt of the finished work Gillan informs them that it is soiled, and offers to have it dry-cleaned at their expense or to sell it "for what it will realise."

As a charge for the wool is deducted from the price realised, Gillan's clients find in the end that they have worked for nothing and lost their deposit into the bargain.

Rai men's leaders

The Executive Committee of the National Union of Railwaymen has decided that its M.P.s are too old at seventy.

"His name will be erased"

Accordingly it has given notice to one of the union's M.P.s—Mr. T. Lowth, the Member for Ardwick—that after this Parliament his name will be erased from its panel.

This means that the union will cease to pay his election expenses, and will withdraw the £250 a year allowance that it makes him at present.

Mr. Lowth was formerly an assistant-secretary of the union, and is now seventy-one years of age.

He is happy, however, in possessing the devotion of the members of the N.U.R., who will doubtless enable him to pass the evening of his days in comfortable leisure.

Sweet timber

The new secret German process for producing sugar from wood is causing serious concern to beet-sugar manufacturers in Germany.

It is recalled that when the beet-sugar process was discovered in Germany many years ago the cane-sugar producers, who were mostly British, were practically ruined.

It is now feared that the beet-sugar industry, which is more developed in Germany than in England, will have to face a similar catastrophe, and an attempt is to be made to nip the new invention in the bud by legislation in the Reichstag.

In memoriam

The Rev. C. Welland, rector of Alderley, Cheshire, is an æsthete who ought to be designing frescoes for Bohemian night-clubs.

He ordered the removal of all artificial wreaths from his churchyard because they were "cheap, unreal, imitation stuff."

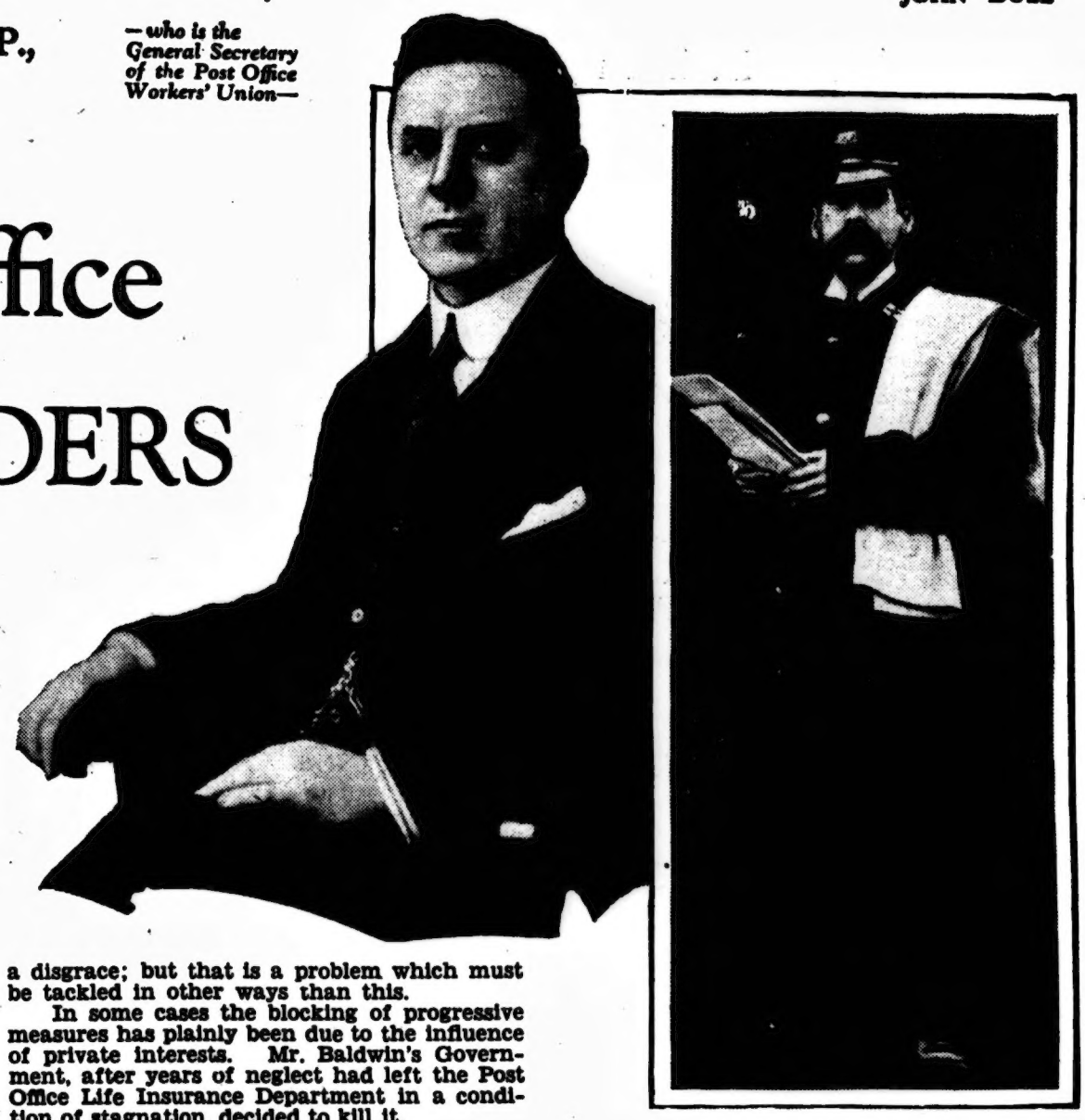
Cheap they might be, if the owners were poor. Unreal, no doubt, and imitations. Yet real enough, God knows, as tributes placed there by loving hands. Heavens above, that this high-handed fellow should pass artistic criticism on emblems of the love and sorrow of the poor!

MR. J. W. BOWEN, M.P.,

—who is the General Secretary of the Post Office Workers' Union—

Exposes

Post Office BLUNDERS



The hardest worked of Civil Servants—and the worst paid

A FEW weeks ago, Lord Wolmer, M.P., accused the Post Office of being wasteful and unenterprising, and charged its services with being slow, costly and unreliable.

Actually, the Post Office is a vast undertaking, ably served by a highly trained and competent staff, and exceedingly profitable according to commercial standards.

During the past seventeen years, after charging interest on capital, it has handed to the Treasury a surplus or profit of more than £73,500,000.

Within the past three years its profits have increased from £5,788,000 in 1926-27 to £7,570,000 in 1927-28, and to £8,500,000 last year.

But it would be wrong to accept that satisfactory financial position as evidence that the policy of the Post Office administration has been in every respect a sound one.

The conduct of the Post Office has suffered constantly from niggardliness and excessive caution, and from the too-rigid control exercised by the Treasury.

Instead of giving continuous attention to possibilities of re-investing the surplus profitably in extensions and improvements, the Postmaster-General is always being pushed into the short-sighted policy of securing illusory economies by underpaying and overworking his staff, and by curtailing expenditure instead of trying to attract new business.

Large numbers of the staff receive wages on which it is literally impossible to maintain a decent standard of living. Out of 180,000 full-time employees in the Post Office, only 30,000, or one in three, receive over 70s.; 21,000 receive over 40s. but less than 50s. a week.

The Post Office still continues the policy of employing thousands of temporary and part-time workers. They receive pay which is utterly inadequate, although many of them have no chance of obtaining other employment.

One aspect of this question is the temptation to dishonesty. In case after case of theft of postal-packets, judges have held the Post Office authorities to blame on account of the scandalously low pay given to men doing responsible work. That the number of such cases is relatively insignificant is a tribute to the staff, not to the administration.

Penny wise, pound foolish

THE disastrous effects of shortsighted economy is again strikingly illustrated in the inland telegraph service. That the telegraphs should have been badly hit by telephone competition was inevitable—it has occurred in almost every European country.

But to save money by cutting down staff was bound to make the position worse instead of better. Men have been superseded by women because the latter are lower paid; the speed of transmission was worsened and further delays allowed to occur in delivery by allowing telegrams to be taken out in batches.

Telephone traffic is growing at a rapid rate, and the department shows a small, although now declining, annual surplus

But here needless unpopularity is incurred by exacting an output from the telephonists which hinders them in giving the quality of service which the public are entitled to expect and which operators themselves desire to establish.

It is a penny-wise policy to employ on the night telephone services men on part-time who have also to do work elsewhere.

That there should be men in full day employment, but in receipt of a wage which needs to be supplemented by night work, is, of course, a disgrace; but that is a problem which must be tackled in other ways than this.

In some cases the blocking of progressive measures has plainly been due to the influence of private interests. Mr. Baldwin's Government, after years of neglect had left the Post Office Life Insurance Department in a condition of stagnation, decided to kill it.

Yet the Department, though not nearly so adequately staffed as the commercial insurance houses, showed a profit. The terms of its policies compared favourably with those of the companies.

Why it failed

ITS failure to expand was due to limited and unsuitable advertising, and the failure to make use of door-to-door canvassing.

With the advantage of Post Office organisation—a post-office in almost every town and village—and low administration costs, there is no doubt that a profitable insurance business could have been built up.

There never was greater need than now for the public to be protected against the sharp practice of many insurance companies, whose influence was naturally and effectively thrown against a policy of developing the Post Office in competition with themselves.

Nearly twenty years ago employees of the Post Office were carrying on a campaign for the introduction of postal cheques and other facilities which would make our Post Office Savings Bank as useful to its depositors as the big joint-stock banks are to theirs.

Those proposals have been held up largely because of the influence exerted by the banking interests.

The staff has also pointed to the need for a higher rate of interest, the rate of 2½ per cent. being far too low for present conditions.

Mr. Baldwin's Government was also responsible for the decision to sell out the Post Office beam wireless services to the private cable and wireless interests. The service—for which we have to thank the first Labour Government—was a remarkable success.

In the space of a few years it had forced down the rates charged by the cable companies and brought to an end their practical monopoly of many lines of Imperial communications.

In consequence, the Post Office has been deprived of a branch which promised to be exceptionally profitable, and, apart from the loss of revenue, this has meant also the discouragement of the staff who had worked with enthusiasm on the new service.

Quite apart from the question of instituting new services, there is the allied question of telling the public all about those services which already exist, but which are little used because they are too little known.

The "Post Office Guide," published at a shilling, is too dear, too bulky and too complex to serve as a medium of publicity.

How many people know that if they are unable to find their way in an unfamiliar locality they can go to a post-office and secure at the prescribed fees the services of an express messenger to conduct them to any address?

How many people know the simple regulations governing cash-on-delivery, or know of the astounding growth of the international telephone service or the air mails?

The railway companies find it pays to use brilliant and attractive posters, and to distribute informative leaflets by the thousand.

The Post Office should do likewise. A move has recently been made in this direction in respect of the telephones, but that good beginning should be followed up on a large scale, and as a continuous policy.

Hitherto we have had the extraordinary position that telephone advertising has been largely left to the private companies interested in the manufacture of telephone instruments.

Not a milch-cow

POST OFFICE authorities ought to aim always at keeping closely in touch with the changing needs of business-houses and of the general public. It should welcome their criticisms and suggestions, reply to them promptly, and supply information when criticism is based on mere misunderstanding.

Efforts should be made to break down the general feeling that the Post Office has allowed its routine business to become more rigid than is good for a concern which is so closely in touch with every citizen.

The Post Office should not be treated merely as a source of revenue for the Treasury, subject in all things to Treasury control. The Postmaster-General should be given greater powers, of course within Parliamentary control.

His department could then reasonably be judged by the public on its merits as a public service; and so long as it passed the test of efficiency and showed signs of active and healthy development to meet new demands, it is improbable that the public would be disturbed even if it failed to produce a large surplus for the Treasury.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

LONDON'S Colour Bar

More Hor e-Power to his Elbow!—Dying Mothers Cornstalks and Caucus—Wasted Comedian

Lord HOLLENDEN.
Chairman, Wholesale Textile Assoc.

DEAR SIR,—You have given the employees of your industry notice to terminate an agreement as to hours and wages. Do you desire to bring about an increase in hours and a decrease in pay? If so, it is bad business for you and a disaster for your workers.

No doubt, in your deliberations you have considered the possibilities of better organisation before making this attack on the human factor. But I suggest that you have not considered them enough.

It is plain common-sense that by reducing the purchasing power of the workers you are bound in the long run to increase trade depression.

The public will want to know that your policy has taken such considerations into account, and is fully justified by the facts.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. V. WASHINGTON RANGER,
179, *Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.*

DEAR SIR,—You got off very lightly at the South-Western Police Court with a fine of £15 and £10 costs for running down a motor-cycle combination in Nightingale Lane, London, S.W.

The combination overturned, pinning down the driver—Mr. Hobday, of Streatham—and his lady-passenger.

Perhaps you saw the catastrophe in one swift glimpse; perhaps you only knew that you had knocked over somebody. You did not care. You were off and away. If one of my contributors had not taken your number you would have got off scot-free.

What a perfect gentleman you are! And the son of a knight, too!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. THOMAS, *All Nations' Bible College, Beulah Hill, S.E.*

DEAR SIR,—You advertised as follows: "Vacant rooms, etc., rent free for partial household cleaning rooms of Christian institution." A pretty bait!

The partial work was to keep the staircase of the entire hostel and passages clean, also two baths, two lavatories, and some windows. Also eight bedrooms, one room to be cleaned out each week.

One of the rooms given rent free is a kitchen, and has a boiler. This has to be kept going by the free-renter to heat the water for the house. You supply the coke, but the free-renter would pay for his or her own gas for lighting and cooking.

Dear Christian friend, really I should like you to explain.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.,
Unity House, London N.W.

DEAR JIM,—A short time ago Sir William Morris told you that the quickest way of solving the unemployment problem was to stimulate productive industries.

Since that interview you have called together the Society of Motor Manufacturers, and there is a rumour afloat that you are going to abolish the horse-power tax at long last, and free a great industry of a crass and iniquitous handicap.

You will agree with me that it is about time something was done about it, and the big oil interests put in their proper place. They have dictated Government policy long enough, and the motor industry has been crippled in consequence.

Public opinion is with you. Go in and win.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN F. BROWN,
Wool and Cotton Merchant, Canada

DEAR SIR,—If you answer every application for work from the home country as you did that of your namesake, F. Brown, of Birkby, Huddersfield, you are a fine fellow.

And if there are many other Canadian firms that do the like, then there may be something in Canadian immigration, after all.

Mr. Brown, a cotton-spinner, now on very short time, sent many applications to English firms in answer to advertisements, and *got no reply*. Then he thought of Canada, and his first letter goes to you.

You had no work for him, but you gave him addresses of other reputable firms, and some sound advice. As Mr. Brown says bitterly, "Would an employer over here have done as much?"

Well, good luck to you!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Your expression of hope that it may be possible for you at no distant date to deal with the problem of maternal mortality will be echoed by all who have the welfare of the nation at heart.

We have been rather inclined in our social legislation to commence at the wrong end, and overlook the needs of the coming race in caring for those who have run their course.

The future citizens must be considered before they are born, and we must wipe out for ever the shame of expectant mothers toiling at bench and loom almost until the hour of their travail.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. J. SCULLIN,
Prime Minister, Australia

DEAR SCULLIN,—Amid the congratulations which you have received from level-headed people the world over, let me slip in a word of warning. The Australian Labour plan of leaving it to the Party caucus to choose the members of the Cabinet, thus giving you merely the right to allot the posts, is vicious and undemocratic.

The English Labour rank-and-file wouldn't stand it, and I hope the Cornstalks won't stand it long.

Dr. Norwood, of the City Temple, himself an Australian, once told me that when Labour Ministers were appointed in the Commonwealth Cabinet they had to leave their signed resignations (undated) in the hands of the caucus. Is that still the case?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. FREDERICK LONSDALE,
Garrick Club, London. W.C.

DEAR FREDDY,—Everybody calls you that. And that is one reason why we are all so glad that your new play, "Canaries Sometimes Sing," is such a big success.

You are a playwright without swank. When an interviewer asked you what was the source of your inspiration you said: "My dear lad, I want the cash."

Splendid! It was like a breath of fresh air. Shakespeare would have said the same. And Dr. Johnson wrote: "The man who writes for anything except money is a fool."

JOHN BULL.

Mr. RUPERT D'OYLY CARTE,
Chairman, The Savoy Hotel, Ltd.

DEAR SIR,—The English nation cries:
"For shame!
Paul Robeson has been banned at your hotel.
Someone had blundered." Good! Who takes the blame
For what we English people blush to tell?
From rooms that boast the swart cosmopolite
This matchless singer-actor has been barred.
His skin is black, but, oh, his soul is white.
Do diamonds trump spades, my D'Oyly card?

Keep comic opera for your house next door,
Where Ko-Ko has more sparkle than champagne,
And comic follies hold us in a roar,
As Robeson thrilled us once at Drury Lane.
Not that Paul Robeson has the cause to care!
But you? No doubt you'll choose a better part,
Lest Robeson still should think your bill unfair,
And sup no more with D'Oyly à la Carte.

JOHN BULL.

He Swallows Camels

and swats gnats

CHARGED with defrauding Andrew McHaggis, of Glasgow, of 1½d., William Adamson, Secretary for Scotland, protested that nobody who knew either him or McHaggis would credit the dastardly accusation.

"The fact that the accused has won this notable success in Glasgow," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "makes drastic action essential, lest he be encouraged to go after bigger game and steal a bawbee from an inhabitant of Aberdeen.

"The subtle manner in which he set to work makes the case even more serious. He did nothing so crude as rip away the pocket and get busy with a jemmy on the purse of the unhappy McHaggis. In fact, he did not himself directly participate in the crime, which was carried out by one of his minions, the Procurator-Fiscal.

"McHaggis, after careful thought, invested the sum of 1½d. in a postage-stamp to affix to an envelope containing his solution of a crossword puzzle, in connection with which a Sunday newspaper was offering as prizes books valued at not less than 5s. sterling.

"McHaggis posted his solution and requested that the prize be sent early, so that he might read the book before giving it to his cousin, Annie MacTavish, as a wedding-present. But no sooner had he squandered the postage-stamp than the Procurator-Fiscal stopped the competition, on the ground that it infringed the Lotteries Act.

"That a citizen of Glasgow should thus have been segregated from 1½d. is bad enough. But what makes the affair worse is that the Procurator-Fiscal, while forbidding this competition, in which a large element of skill is required to win a small prize, turns a blind eye on the Glasgow Art Union Ballot, in which prizes of £200, £150 and £100 can be won without any skill, and with which Lord Maclay, president of the Scottish Anti-Gambling League, has refused to be associated."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter admitted that the policy seemed inconsistent. But he urged that it ill became a Sassenach court to condemn gambling anomalies. Before casting stones, southerners should put their own glass-house in order. What could be more absurd than winking at the Stock Exchange Derby Sweep and then raiding a suburban whist-drive?

The Sentence of the Court

"I must concede," said Mr. Justice Bull, "that Mr. Strawsplitter's criticism of our lunacy laws—er—I mean our gambling laws—is justified.

"While the Post Office makes a large profit out of gambling commissions, the law salves its conscience by refusing to admit that such transactions take place, so that a bookmaker cannot sue or be sued for debts in connection with them.

"But for counsel to reply, 'You're another!' is no answer. If the prisoner is out to suppress gambling he should go after big fish like the Glasgow Art Union Ballot instead of small and harmless crossword puzzle competitions.

"But, apparently, the fact that several titled people and ten J.P.s are on the committee of the former invests it with an air of sanctity.

"To enable the prisoner to give this matter his attention, he will be placed on probation for six months. If by the expiration of this period he has not reformed either the Lotteries Act or the Procurator-Fiscal, Bill Adamson is likely to meet his Waterloo."

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

DEAN INGE: "There are some persons, nearly all of the female sex, who suffer from a chronic rush of words to the mouth."

And some of the male sex suffer from a chronic rush of words to the pen.

* * *

COLONEL RICH: "There are many worse people out of prison than there are in it."

Before the Great Judge, the worst crime will be not being found out.

* * *

MR. J. C. STOBART: "In broadcasting you have to persuade; you must not threaten unduly."

If only the B.B.C. would take your words to heart, and not threaten us with dreariest programmes all the winter!

* * *

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P.: "The unemployed have been fooled."

But only since the last General Election?

Vanished Mother: DISQUIETING MYSTERY

Is Elizabeth Moore Alive or Dead?

Here are two pictures of the missing woman. If you see her, let us know at once. The two little girls are her daughters, whom she deserted in her hour of trouble

WHERE is Mrs. Elizabeth Moore? Is she alive or dead? If she is dead, how did she meet her end?

After a bitter quarrel with her husband, she walked out of their Islington tenement-flat in August last. Since then she has utterly disappeared; not one of her friends has seen her since.

Her husband, a shattered wreck of the battlefields, remains in their broken home—with his four children, the eldest of whom is eleven.

When he married his missing wife he was a discharged soldier, and she a pretty girl still in her teens.

His discharge from the Army took place after he had been blown up in France, where he received twenty-seven shrapnel wounds in the face and body; his left leg was amputated in a field hospital. To-day he has lost the sight of one eye, is deaf in one ear, while one lung is useless.

His 100 per cent. disability pension of just over £2 a week is all he has for the upkeep of his family.

About a year ago, the Moores' only son, a boy of four, was killed in a street accident. The funeral expenses were heavy; so Mrs. Moore looked out for work to help the household budget.

She found work in the kitchen of the Indian Students' Hostel, in Gower Street, London, W.C., which caters for some hundreds of coloured students, who come here to study at London University.

For a time, Mrs. Moore seemed happy and contented; then she was advanced to the position of waitress in the hostel restaurant, and was so brought into close touch with the coloured students.

After this promotion, her husband noticed a change in her behaviour.

Her nights out

She began to return home late at night; she took less notice of her children. In fact, she was plainly unhappy among her family.

When her husband questioned her about staying out late, she made excuses, which he accepted.

But when she finally started spending nights away from her home, pleading that owing to late working hours she was staying with a woman friend, he demanded a more satisfactory explanation.

The pair quarrelled. During their bitter arguments, their eldest daughter declared that her mother, pledging her to secrecy, had for some time past been writing letters to other men and giving them to her to post.

She was so used to posting letters to two particular men with Indian names that she knew their addresses by heart. She blurted them out to her father. This revelation broke down Mrs. Moore's excuses.

She admitted that the child's story was true, and that the names were those of Indian friends, with whom she was on familiar terms.

Finally, on August 26, she packed her clothes and left her husband and children. They have never seen her since.

In her haste she left behind conclusive evidence that she had been very friendly with at least one coloured man.

Amongst other things was an unfinished letter, which ran: "My dearest,—Just a line to let you know, darling, I enjoyed this evening very much. . . ."

Another love-letter concluded with a postscript: "For your own sake destroy this," and was decorated with a heart, drawn in red chalk.

We have before us a number of photographs of Mrs. Moore. These were taken outside the entrance to Alexandra Palace, one being of a coloured man, the other of Mrs. Moore.

Both were taken on precisely the same spot, and within a few moments of each other.

Before she dashed out of her home and vanished, Mrs. Moore blurted out that she would shortly become a mother once again, and that her husband was not the father of the coming child.

She hinted, in her anger, that she could not face the ordeal before her.

Frantic now with anxiety, her husband has searched for her through all London.

Anxiety is enhanced by a letter written to her husband shortly before her final disappearance.

"I am not returning home again," it runs. "I don't want to bring any shame on you or my people. . . . If you persist in my return I will kill myself. . . . That will be the easiest way out. . . .

"Try and forget me and see that the children are all right I am sure they will be much happier without me. . . . I have wronged them and I will never forgive myself for doing so."

These are a few of its pathetic sentences.

It is significant that, in the course of enquiries we have instituted on the husband's behalf, we have discovered that some of the letters posted by his little daughter were addressed to a student at a resort that has long been used for immoral purposes by coloured men and white women.

Immoral resort

It is situated at 2, Torrington Square, Bloomsbury, and has been run by a woman known as Madame de St. Gervais Veran, who long permitted disreputable conduct on her premises.

Only recently her resort was raided.

We invite Scotland Yard to probe this mysterious case to the bottom.

Not one of her friends has seen this woman since August; the authorities of the hostel where she worked are absolutely ignorant of her fate; two months' intensive search by her husband has yielded no result.

The matter is all the more pathetic because, prior to the sad events of the last few months, Mrs. Moore idolised her children.

One of Mrs. Moore's children—her youngest girl—was brought home from hospital only a few days ago, convalescent after a long illness.

Because there was no mother to greet her, the little girl cried her eyes out and suffered a relapse. Now she is back in the hospital again.

Deep waters

One of the Indian students, whose name has figured in this affair, states in a letter explaining his position that he only gave a little friendly advice in her "trouble" with another student of whose identity he was well aware.

These are deep waters. But the mystery of this tragic woman's fate must be completely unravelled.

No PIG in *this* POKE!

READERS of JOHN BULL will find no cause for astonishment at the news that Little Wadhurst Farm, Ltd., of Burham Downs, near Rochester, is tottering, for its fall was predicted in these pages over two years ago.

As a private company, debarred from making a public offer of shares, it then offered the public pigs instead in a get-rich-quick scheme.

For £5, an investor could acquire a pig, which would be reared, cared for and marketed by Little Wadhurst Farm, Ltd.

A return of the capital, with a profit of 40 per cent. in six months, was promised to all who bought pigs in pokes.

It sounded too good to be true; but the offer was supported with convincing-looking statistics, embodied in an attractively illustrated brochure.

But, after subjecting the whole proposition to a very careful analysis in 1927, we scouted the idea that the promised profits could be earned, and dismissed the scheme as a highly speculative venture.

Since then we have occasionally heard from investors who announced that they had received cheques from Little Wadhurst Farm, Ltd., and were so delighted with such a lucrative investment that they were buying as many pigs as they could.

This did not impress us. For there was not a scrap of evidence to show that the "profits" had been actually earned, but plenty to show that clients were being encouraged to reinvest.

Such "snowball" tactics could not endure for ever; and now the company has sent out a circular saying that, "owing to difficulties due to sickness and other causes which will be fully explained later," the directors have decided that "the only proper course is to place the company in liquidation."

• • •

The circular adds that this had been done, and that a scheme for reconstruction would be placed before the creditors. Subsequently another circular was sent out calling a meeting of creditors.

The directors have much to explain. In one case before us an investor's "profits" fell due for payment in mid-September.

After allowing a little grace, the man applied for his money and was told that "the matter was receiving attention."

A delay of a week then occurred, so the investor applied again, whereupon he received a letter from the company making the excuse that some of the pigs had not been quite fit for market.

"We have now, at the moment," the letter concluded, "a very large stock ready for disposal, and you may expect to hear from us early next week."

• • •

But, when this investor heard from Little Wadhurst Farm, Ltd., a week later, its communication was the circular notifying the contemplated liquidation to which we have already referred.

In other words, while the directors knew full well that a crash was imminent, they deliberately led an investor to believe that his overdue profits would be paid within a week.

The company's affairs clearly demand the fullest investigation, and a compulsory liquidation is the only scheme of salvation that its creditors should now entertain.

AGE 16 TO 45

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I want you to realise that I have helped thousands of people to qualify for and obtain good positions. Our gigantic connection brings us in touch with all the big employers; therefore, although we do not undertake the work of an employment agency, we certainly do know where the demand exceeds the supply. If you think you are in a rut, or if advancement seems slow, write to me telling me your age, past experience, present employment, and anything else that may help, and I will tell you what chances there are, if they are suitable for you, and if so, how you may attain your objective.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO ENQUIRE.

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Shipbuilding
Structural Engineering
Surveying and Levelling
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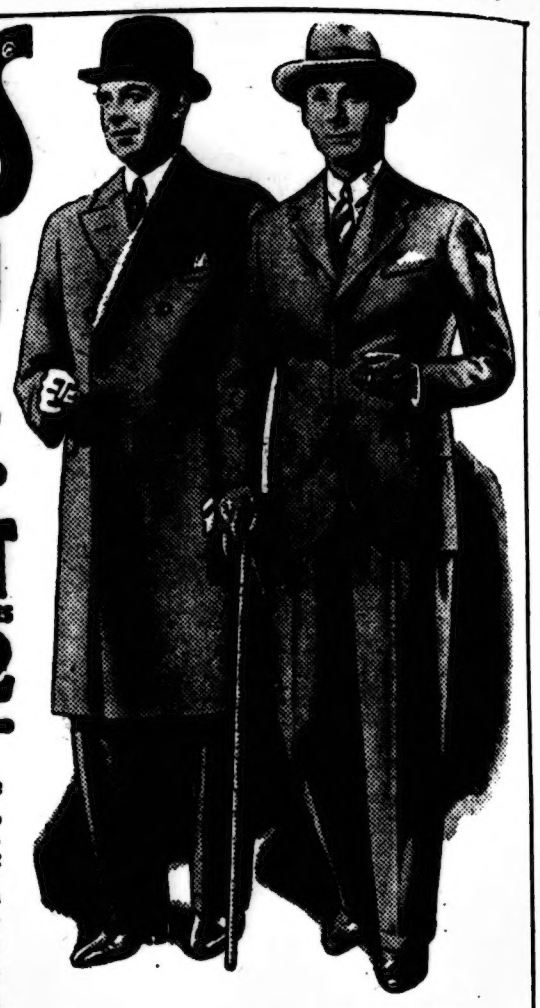

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Post us your remittance for 30/- for this Ideal Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE or FAWN SHADE is PREFERRED.

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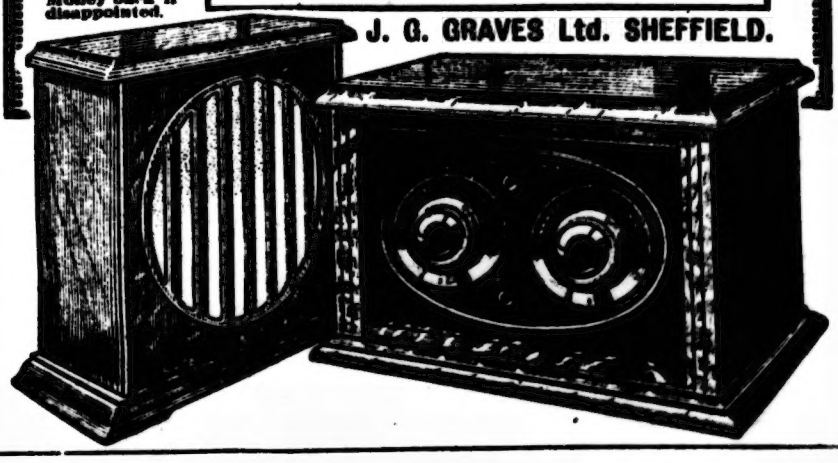

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Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

WAR-GRAVES Profiteer

SOME weeks ago we told of the anonymous and moving daily tribute which the townspeople of Ypres pay to our honoured dead; of the four firemen who each night sound the "Last Post" beneath the arch of the Menin Gate.

In bitter contrast to this gesture on the part of Belgians is the conduct in the same place of two men who call themselves Englishmen and ex-Service men. During the last few years they have built up a lucrative enterprise out of the graves of the fallen.

Between two and three years ago, there arrived in Ypres a man named Bevis. His sole possessions did not seem to comprise more than a camera and a ramshackle car. But these two formed the nucleus of what has grown into a flourishing business.

Names obtained

His first step was to visit the British cemeteries, and obtain the names and addresses of relatives of those buried there from the graves register. From these he compiled a mailing list; and a letter was sent to each name, enclosing a circular and a gaudy catalogue.

This catalogue showed wreaths ranging in price from 5s. 6d. to £1 1s.; and stated that these prices included the cost of placing the wreath on the grave, and taking one photograph of it.

Apparently, this first venture was a great success, for Bevis grew bolder. His circularising extended and his prices went up. His cheapest wreath rose first to 7s. 6d., then to 8s. 6d.

The wreaths are made locally by the thousand at a shop in Ypres. A representative of JOHN BULL who visited the town found that the retail price of a wreath similar to the one Bevis sells for 8s. 6d. was 9d. in English money.

Since Bevis usually waited until a considerable number of orders arrived for any particular cemetery, the photographing and placing costs could have been only very small.

In addition to this enormous margin of profit, his methods of business are very much open to question, and from the complaints we have investigated we have no hesitation in condemning Bevis' organisation.

Bevis holds no official permit from the Imperial War Graves Commission to carry out this wreath-placing work. But, in spite of this, his activities can, apparently, go on unchecked.

About two years ago, Bevis went into partnership with a man named Seymour, an ex-employee of the War Graves Commission, who had also been in this wreath-placing business under the style of the "Ex-Service Men's Association," but had been unsuccessful.

Together the pair launched out under the name of the British Association, Ypres Salient, Belgium.

One of their circulars, which is before us, states that the president is a Col. J. D. Robinson. A registered letter sent to Col. Robinson was returned marked "Absent for the present."

A later circular stated that the president was Capt. R. P. Thorpe. A letter sent to Captain Thorpe was returned marked "Gone to Australia."

The King inspecting his soldiers' graves. It is such as these that Bevis' wreath-ramp dishonours

Sir Fabian Ware, head of the Imperial War Graves Commission. He "must obtain powers"

Without permission

The vice-president of this precious association is given in each case as "H. Seymour, late Imperial War Graves Commission," and the honorary secretary as L. F. Bevis.

The Commission has not given permission for its name to be used. Indeed, it does not even allow those who are officially permitted to carry on this wreath-placing business to announce any connection with the Commission.

It can be confidently asserted that the "Hon. Secretary," Mr. Bevis, is the owner of the association's business—lock, stock and barrel.

As if the announcement of these military names to give his venture some kind of standing with the public were not enough, Bevis printed various well-known names as references and patrons. They included those of a Rear-Admiral and a padre of "Toc H."

Many of these, we learn, have prohibited the use of their names, and others of them, indeed, had never given permission for their names to be so used.

Finally, on one of his circulars Bevis prints the photograph of the grave of the son of a well-known English family, showing one of his wreaths thereon. A notice beneath states that similar wreaths can be placed on completion of an order form.

Family wrath

When this family was informed of this, and of Bevis' business tactics and career, they compelled him to make an apology and to have the engraving destroyed.

His latest circular is *one of about 125,000* which have been sent to families in this country during the past few days, to solicit orders for the forthcoming Armistice Day.

It bears a photograph of the grave of the son of Sir Oliver Lodge, with a statement that it is reproduced with the permission of Sir Oliver and the late Lady Lodge.

Like many other people whose names Bevis has used, they have given their permission in ignorance of the way in which it will be exploited.

All Bevis' appeals for orders commence with the same jargon—that members of the association are all "ex-Service men" who since the war have been unable to find employment at home.

The present leaflet goes on to say that to "celebrate (*sic*) the eleventh anniversary of the Armistice we are making a visit to the above cemetery."

It may be as well here to give a true picture of the man who has capitalised a nation's grief, and who asks to stand proxy, for a fee, at the graves of thousands of Englishmen this Armistice Day.

Desecration

After the war, Bevis led a precarious existence in the Somme district for some years, acting as guide, chauffeur, and in odd-job capacities in connection with battlefield tours.

Here he met a man engaged in the wreath-placing business and learnt the art of photography.

A year after his arrival in Ypres, he bought an expensive motor-car and flat from the proceeds of his wreath-placing ramp. His behaviour in the cemeteries was at times so unseemly and irreverent that he was officially reported by gardeners.

At the present moment he owns an even grander motor-car and a villa on the coast. His lavish expenditure of money in the district has earned him the Belgian sobriquet of "The Money Fool."

These facts speak for themselves; but it may be finally asked why it is that the Imperial War Graves Commission cannot, in conjunction with the Belgian and French authorities, obtain the power to prevent unauthorised persons like Bevis and his associates from desecrating their sacred charge.

Disgraceful Facts

An *Indefatigable* Rascal

A PROSPEROUS, smart and self-important "City man" bustled into our offices the other day. He refused at first to give his name, but insisted on a personal interview with the editor.

Eventually, however, he was prevailed on to confess that he was Mr. Arthur Charles Alexandra, whom we pilloried in an article published only the previous day.

Briefly, we told how people had been induced to part with money for employment with a company called British and Continental Auto de Luxe, Ltd., of which Alexandra was managing director. They had lost badly.

Mr Alexandra was angry and excited He had consulted his solicitors, he declared; he had instructed them to write to us immediately. Their letter would prove how grievously we had been misled.

We are still waiting for this news.

* * *

Meantime, here are some new facts concerning Alexandra's career.

His ten-months-old British and Continental Auto de Luxe is now on the verge of bankruptcy.

The landlord of its Regent Street office, who has obtained judgment against the company, has put the bailiffs in possession.

Employees have not latterly been paid their wages; creditors are clamouring for money due to them; the hapless shareholders have no hope whatever of recovering their capital.

The most amazing part of the whole business is that when Alexandra floated this company in December last he was an undischarged bankrupt. He is one still, and has been one, in fact, since the winter of 1923.

* * *

His liabilities were a mere £7,000, with a deficiency, after giving him the benefit of some very doubtful assets, of £5,300. Much of this money represented money obtained from dupes who wanted work.

Describing himself as an electrical engineer, he formed a business called A. C. Alexandra and Co., with offices in Victoria Street, London. He advertised for managers with capital.

By fanciful tales of his important engineering agencies and contracts he soon obtained something like £5,000.

Yet Alexandra did not safeguard the £5,000 he raised from such men by keeping it in a separate banking account. He simply deposited it with A. C. Alexandra and Co.—in other words, himself. Every penny vanished.

Alexandra has been associated with at least three other disastrous ventures. They are A. C. Alexandra and Co., Ltd.; the Never-Skid Shock Absorber, Ltd.; and General Engineers and Merchants, Ltd.

The shareholders and creditors of the last-named concern had the greatest skid and shock of all when the liabilities turned out to be £21,000.

Some time ago Alexandra met two men at the Waldorf Hotel, and by his mere personality extracted a cheque from each on the spot.

Among his creditors is a Kensington garage-keeper, with whom Alexandra ran up a heavy bill and "met" it with dishonoured cheques.

Another is a widow living at Hampstead, who has told us a pitiful story of how several cheques were obtained from her by Alexandra.

Several writs have been issued against him and a further bankruptcy is pending.

* * *

Here is a final sidelight on his methods.

Alexandra registered his British and Continental Auto de Luxe only on December 7 last, with a capital of £100 in 1s. shares.

Yet we have before us a letter he wrote nearly a month before, impudently asserting that his company was already registered and that he had 800 £1 ten per cent. shares for disposal.

What does the Public Prosecutor think of such impudent operations?

F. HODGSON & SONS LEEDS "GALAXY" BLANKET SALE

8 BLANKETS 21/-

The Lot, packed free and sent on receipt of amount. Money returned in all if not fully satisfied.

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This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the readers of "John Bull."

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Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

On receipt of P.O. for **10/6** (carr. 1/- extra) we will forward direct from our looms to your address, one of our "Prudential" Brussolette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN BORDERED **CARPETS**

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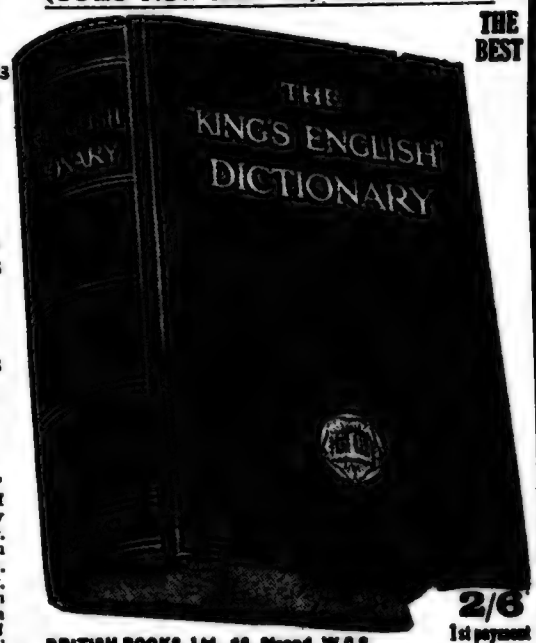

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Please send to me the KING'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY (New Ed.), on approval, for 5 days' FREE examination. I will return it on the sixth day; or, if I decide to purchase, I will remit a First Payment of 2/6, and ten further monthly payments of 3/-, to complete the price of 32/6 (or Cash Price 31/-).

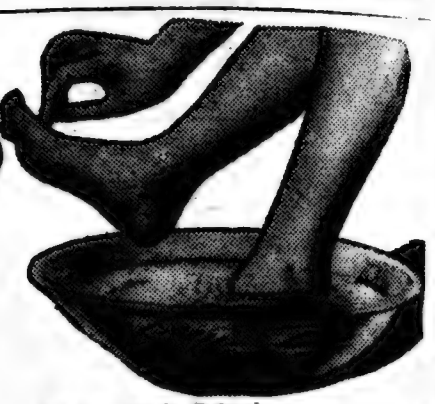
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

POST COUPON NOW. J.B. 353.

5 Painful

corns



picked out after Radox Foot-baths.

Why suffer the throbbing, shooting pain of corns when to remove them with Radox Bath Salts is as simple as A.B.C.? You simply dissolve a level teaspoonful of Radox Bath Salts in a gallon of hot water, and soak your feet for twenty minutes. Do this for a few days. The corn may then be lifted out bodily.

When you dip your foot into a foot-bath containing Radox Bath Salts the dead skin (of the corn) combines with the Radox Bath Salts to form a protein salt of the actual corn itself. This protein salt dissolves in the water like ordinary salt, and so loosens the corn that it can be removed bodily. It softens and refreshes the feet. It is only the dead skin—the corn—which it dissolves.

Actual personal experience of how Radox Bath Salts remove corns is described in this letter:—

"*I had five very painful corns for about three or four years and I was terrified to cut them because I had been told cutting was very dangerous. Then a very dear friend of mine recommended me to try Radox. I used it several times and the corns began to soften and then I picked huge pieces off with my fingers. The relief I got was wonderful. The corns have now gone, and I can now go and buy a pair of shoes and feel comfortable without having to pack my shoes with cotton wool to keep them from pressing on my corns. Radox Bath Salts are really wonderful. I cannot praise them enough.*"

Mrs. E. A., Cleethorpes.
24th September, 1929.

Ask for Radox at your chemists, price 1/6 per ½ lb. pink packet, 2/6 double quantity. **1/6** *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES Ltd., 68, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester.

£550 AWARDED

In "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD COMPETITION No 34

Correct solutions in "John Bull" Crossword Competition No. 34 were received from the following two competitors, to each of whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £250 will be dispatched:—

J. D. Clarke, 123, Brentfield Road, Willesden, N.W.10.
Mrs. S. W. Rodger, 38, Park Street, Brandon Colliery, Co. Durham.

Solutions containing one error only were received from the following 39 competitors who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £1 5s. 6d.:—

Baker, Miss H., 19, Leyland Road, Southport.
Bishop, Mrs. E., 93, West Bromwich Road, Walsall, Staffs.
Campbell, A., 11, Patterson Road, Reading.
Clasper, A., 2, Barnard Street, Thornaby, Yorks.
Craik, N., 23, Eyre Crescent, Edinburgh.
Cranness, B. C., Coombe-Wood Drive, Thundersley, Essex.
Crumley, F., 294, Abbey Hey Lane, Gorton, Manchester.
Daniels, C., 23, St. Philip Street, Battersea, S.W.8.
Dean, Mrs. F., 14, Middlecourse Street, Seedley, Salford.
Entwistle, J., 11, Humphrey Street, Ince, nr. Wigan.
Gill, Miss A., 2, Croft Cottages, Ruxing Road, Newmarket.
Godley, Miss M., 2, Rugby Terrace, Halifax.
Goodwin, E. B., 157, Derlington Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.17.
Handley, G., Glebe Farm, Melbourne, York.
Henty, A. W., 168, Sodington Road, Ashford, Kent.
Herdman, R., Sinonsters, Northumberland.
Hind, F. W., 18, Swallow Road South, Northampton.
Holmes, C. P., 12, Wharncliffe Road, Ilkeston, Derbyshire.
Hounsell, Mrs. A., Dowerfield, Longtredy, Dorchester, Dorset.
Jackson, E., 128, Front Street, Newbiggin-by-Sea.
McKenzie, Mrs. L., 7, Lily Hill, Whitefield.
Murphy, W., 8, Rutford Street, York Road, Kings Cross, N.1.
Nicol, Mrs. F., Bowator Village, Durrington Village, Salisbury.
Owen, E., 68, Parr Stocks Road, St. Helens, Lancs.
Parsons, H. J., Beechamhurst, Barrack Lane, Aldwick, Bognor.
Powell, T., 18, Ashworth Street, Burnley.
Roach, J. J., 272, Carntyne Hall Road, Carntyne, Glasgow, N.2.
Rutledge, Miss E., 68, Lorraine Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Ryan, Mrs. K., Ballinamona Park, Waterford, Ireland.
Sadler, Mrs., 23, Low Albion Street, South Bank, Yorks.
Stoart, Mrs., 16, Ferry Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
Stagleton, N., Staff., Barrowmore Hall, Gt. Barrow, near Chester.
Tinsy, Mrs. E., Gt. Addington, Kettering, Northants.
Tradewell, Mrs. W., 14, Salisbury Place, Calverley, Leeds.
Walker, A. J., Westmancote, near Tewkesbury.
Watkin, J., 11, Mill Cliff, Buxton, Derbyshire.
Wingate, P. T., 14, Crompton Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.
Woffenden, Mrs., 81, Balby Road, Doncaster.
Young, Mrs. W. J., 8, Crampton Street, Walworth, S.E.17.

CORRECTION.—In "John Bull" dated October 26th, it was stated that eight winners divided the £500 Prize for correct solutions. This should have read: "for solutions containing one error only."

Another £500 X-Word appears on page 24.

Try Your Skill Now!

A SURPRISE OFFER TO GRAMOPHONE BUYERS

Sent CARRIAGE PAID for **11/9** WEEKLY

TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO my advertisement first appeared in "John Bull." To celebrate the occasion I shall give a handsomely bound **RECORD ALBUM** and a nice selection of **RECORDS FREE OF CHARGE** to every reader who orders a Gramophone, which I send on 14 Days' Approval, Carriage Paid.

WRITE NOW FOR A FREE COPY OF MY CATALOGUE AND YOU WILL BE SURPRISED AT MY MONEY-SAVING AND ATTRACTIVE OFFERS.

Edward O'Brien Ltd. THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, DEPT. 34 COVENTRY.

BILE BEANS ARE GUARANTEED

They Do Good or Are FREE!

The proprietors of Bile Beans offer to refund your money if this famous medicine doesn't improve your health.

Take a course of Bile Beans in accordance with the printed directions round the box. If the treatment should do you no good, then return the half-used box (with the Government Stamp attached) to C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds, enclosing your name and address. *The full cost will then be refunded to you.*

Bile Beans are as superior to as they are different from ordinary pills. They act gently and naturally on the liver and digestive organs, and, being vegetable, do not need the dose increasing. There is no sounder family medicine than Bile Beans for acid stomach, liver chill, indigestion, constipation, piles, anæmia, sick headache, impure blood, debility, etc. Sold by all chemists at 1/3 and 3/- box.

BILE BEANS

Registered Trade Mark.

THE NATURAL WAY TO STOP A COUGH.

It is extraordinary how quickly coughs, sore throat and other bronchial troubles are cured by such natural and homely ingredients as Pine, Squills, Ipecac, Balsam of Tolu and English Honey. There are no harmful drugs or opiates there, yet you have everything you need to relieve and banish the most stubborn bronchial trouble. No matter what else you have tried for your cough or sore throat, try these ingredients combined in a pleasant honey syrup. 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup soothes instantly; it cures quickly; simply and solely because it is Nature's prescription scientifically prepared. Half a teaspoonful of this extremely effective remedy will clear congested breathing passages, break up hard phlegm and fill your throat, chest and lungs with warming, healing vapours. You can get 'Pineate' Honey Syrup from any chemist; a 1s. 6d. bottle lasts a long time.

FOUL SLANDER *on Girls*

MILLIONS of newspaper-readers have been shocked by paragraphs which have appeared in the London and provincial Press, reporting grave allegations of moral degeneracy in Wales made by a Miss Jeffreys, matron of the Treborth Girls' Home, Cardiff.

In a recent speech, she is reported to have declared that, owing to lack of accommodation, she had been compelled to refuse admission to eight girls between the ages of ten and twelve who were all expectant mothers, and who came from various parts of Glamorgan, mostly from the Rhondda Valley.

On reading this appalling statement, we immediately sent a representative to Wales to find out the complete truth.

Very naturally, his first call was at the Treborth home, where he sought an interview with the matron. He produced credentials and made it perfectly clear that his aim was to investigate the terrible scandal in the public interest.

"Misstatements"

To his amazement, Miss Jeffreys refused to see him.

When he explained the extreme urgency of the case, she sent a message that she was unwell and that the reports of her speech were "misstatements."

Disappointed, our representative started enquiries on his own account to check Miss Jeffreys' statements.

The result of his discoveries is staggering.

Miss Jeffreys' speech as published is a disgusting slander, not only on a district with a population considerably over a million, but on the police forces of Cardiff City and of Glamorgan County.

If eight girls between the ages of ten and twelve were really about to become mothers, the public would naturally want to know why Mr. James Wilson and Captain Lionel Lindsay, the Chief Constables concerned, had not brought the men responsible to justice.

There are none

It is not possible even to verify one instance of a child-mother having sought to enter the Treborth Girls' Home.

The institution is not for pre-natal cases. It is not a maternity hospital or even a rescue-home.

It exists solely as a place of prevention, where girls in their teens stay for a year before passing into domestic and other occupations.

Only one child of school age has been found to be an expectant mother in Glamorganshire during the *past nine years.*

Miss Jeffreys' contention that the reports which have received such widespread currency are all "misstatements" has received our careful attention.

We have examined the notes of her speech, taken by a shorthand-writer with twenty years' experience, and they are clear and irrefutable.

Moreover, ample corroboration from other sources proves that her speech caused widespread consternation.

The Press of this country is not in the habit of giving currency to misstatements, and, as we say, the report of Miss Jeffreys' speech has been printed in numerous papers.

Miss Jeffreys should immediately come out into the open and give her version of what she said.

We can only say that when Miss Jeffreys made her notorious speech she was taking part in an appeal-campaign for the enlargement of the Treborth Home.

It has had the effect of arousing widespread sympathy which is quite unmerited; the home's postbag has swollen to a size that the institution has never before known; and countless people have been moved to send subscriptions.

The Treborth Home is connected with the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church. That Church's Moderators, the Rev. Peter Hughes Griffith and Lord Clwyd, should at once see that money sent to the home as a result of the matron's speech is returned to its donors.

Captain Lionel Lindsay, Glamorgan's Chief Constable. He knows it is a slander. The head is Lord Clwyd's. He should publish a statement

Weekly Informations—from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

They CAN'T Muzzle Me!

The late Judge Atherley-Jones. He "bound over Spikesman's dummies"

READERS may wonder why I have been silent for the past few months regarding the activities of the British Showcard Service, of Hitchin, and the Owen Manufacturing Co., of Bedford, with which we dealt in our issues for March 2 and June 22 respectively.

The reasons are that we received a writ for libel in each case, and as is probably known to most readers, further comment on a matter which is the subject of a writ is contempt of court.

Hiding the truth

It is a very effective method of muzzling the Press and suppressing the truth, and is frequently employed by persons of the type of Mr. Spikesman, the man behind the British Showcard Service.

I am glad to say, however, that the action brought by the British Showcard Service against us has been dismissed with costs, and that the Owen Manufacturing Company "threw in its hand" a fortnight ago and paid the ensuing costs.

So that is that, and I am now free to say what I like about these gentry.

I think readers will be amused if I quote an extract from the Statement of Claim which Griffiths of the British Showcard Service set out.

Quoting our article of March 2, he said that the words used meant:

"... that the plaintiff was a fraudulent and dishonest person carrying on a business of that character, under the style of the British Showcard Service, and that neither the plaintiff nor the said business which he carried on was to be trusted to provide efficient tuition in showcard-writing or attempted to do so, and that any person dealing therewith would be dealt with by the plaintiff and the said business in a fraudulent and dishonest manner.

"By reason whereof the plaintiff has suffered and will suffer great loss and damages in his said business. Large numbers of newspapers and periodicals have refused to accept the plaintiff's advertisements and he has been held up to ridicule, hatred and contempt."

I hope so

I know that it is true that large numbers of newspapers and periodicals have refused to accept Mr. Griffiths' advertisements. I *hope* it is true that he has been held up to ridicule, hatred and contempt; he certainly ought to be.

I have ascertained that Spikesman, like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, is a dual personality.

When it suits him to be Spikesman, Spikesman he is; but when it doesn't, he is Mr. Leslie Matthews, of 10, Woodhall Lane, Welwyn Garden City, a director of the British Showcard Service and the holder of the vast majority of the shares in that company.

A family affair

Indeed, when last I consulted the files at Somerset House, I found that out of the total number of 19,900 shares taken up, he held 17,250.

There is a curious affinity between the British Showcard Service and the Owen Manufacturing Company in that Spikesman is a brother-in-law of the managing director of the Owen Manufacturing Company, as also is Edward Griffiths of the British Showcard Service, recently the plaintiff in the libel action against us instituted by that organisation. So you see it is a nice little family party.

What I wrote about these people was true, and they know it, and I have nothing to withdraw, but a little to add by way of reminiscence.

I find by reference to our files that in 1926 Spikesman issued a writ against us in connection with one of his former ventures which we thought fit to criticise.

But he eventually discontinued the action, and we had great difficulty in getting our costs.

Eventually we put the bailiffs into his flat in Chiswick, where he made a final effort to evade payment by stating that his furniture was all obtained on the hire-system, and had not yet been paid for.

When the bailiffs suggested checking the furniture with his hire-purchase agreements, however, and told him that they proposed to take possession of his flat for the amount in question, Spikesman paid up.

Spikesman was also behind the scenes in a home-employment scheme called "Imperial Publicity."

Two of his dummies in this case found themselves in the dock charged with false pretences, but were bound over by the late Judge Atherley-Jones, who declared that they had been sufficiently punished by their ordeal.

It will be recollected that some while ago I was probing into the question as to how addresses were obtained of persons who had, in fact, never corresponded with the Owen Manufacturing Company.

The mystery is now solved. I am now satisfied that there was a working liaison between the British Showcard Service and the Owen Manufacturing Company for the exchange of names and addresses.

For the better?

So much for the past. Now for the present.

On going to press, I hear of sundry changes in the management of the British Showcard Service, which seem to indicate an alteration of method. I trust this may be so.

WHEN SLUMBER WILL NOT COME AT NIGHT
A CUP OF COCOA PUTS YOU RIGHT

You hear the clock strike two, and turn your pillow for the tenth time. Something wrong with your nerves—they're starved! That's why it's such a good thing to drink a cup of Bournville before going to bed. Cocoa helps you to sleep peacefully because it feeds and soothes the nerves and is so easily digested. As you drink your "good-night" cup, you feel the strain and fret of the day's work depart from every nerve and limb. Bournville is the cocoa with the pleasant fragrance and delicious chocolate flavour. *And it actually costs you less to-day than it did before the War.*

BOURNVILLE COCOA

MADE BY CADBURY IN THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

¼lb Tin 6½d ½lb Tin 1/- 1lb Tin 2/-

I used a Razor once-

-NOW I KNOW BETTER!

"Whenever I was going to wear an evening gown, whenever I was going to put on a sleeveless tennis frock or my flimsiest silk stockings—I used a razor, but I soon discovered how foolish it was. The use of a razor for a woman is a painful and unsatisfactory business. It causes hair to grow stronger and thicker, and leaves a dark shadow which mars the whiteness of the skin. Now I use the only safe, quick, and certain method—I use Veet. It melts away the hair *below* the skin surface and leaves the skin soft, smooth and white. It is so pleasant too—just faintly perfumed."

Learn from this woman's experience. Do not even begin to use a razor. Veet is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. 1/6 and 3/- everywhere.

Beware of imitations and inferior substitutes.

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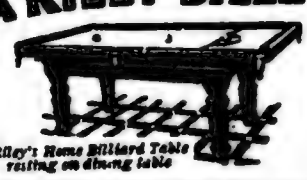

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If I were Jimmy THOMAS

by A. G. GARDINER

PARLIAMENT has reassembled and Mr. MacDonald is back from his momentous visit to America. None of us wishes to minimise the vast potentialities of that visit. Certainly I do not. It may be, and we all hope it will be, one of the most splendid landmarks in human history.

If that hope is fulfilled, if as the result of the MacDonald-Hoover negotiations the English-speaking world has finally come together and is committed to a great crusade for world reconciliation, disarmament and the obliteration of war as an instrument of policy, Mr. MacDonald will live as one of the heroes of history.

A grateful posterity may honour him with a statue that will outsoar the Nelson column.

But that is a question of the future. The question of the moment is quite different, and I advise Mr. MacDonald to drop the halo that has gathered round his brow during the past month.

His nightmare

He has to face a very different kind of music from that which has saluted his American adventure. It is harsh music, discordant music, rough music. It may even portend his Waterloo.

For what is the fact that darkens the Parliamentary sky to which he returns? It is that the nightmare of trade depression and unemployment which he was elected to banish is not banished.

It is deepening and intensifying. Each week records an increase in the dismal army of the unemployed. That army has reached a total of nearly a million and a quarter. And this is only the threshold of winter—winter with its dark days and seasonal slump to add to the tale of woe.

The situation could not have been worse if there had been no change of Government.

I do not say this by way of criticism. No sensible man looked for a miracle from the new Government. But that does not mean that Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues will not be held to account.

They came in mainly on the unemployment issue, and that issue is the acid test by which they will be judged. They claimed that they alone could cure the disease.

The disease is not better. It is worse. The fact is not due to them, but it will react on them. If there is no change it will destroy them.

I am writing, of course, before Mr. J. H. Thomas has told his tale to Parliament; but we know enough about his activities to expect little.

He has been to Canada and has come back as he went. He has inaugurated new relief works, stimulated public activities, roads, housing and so on in various directions.

But he has not found a solution. He has found instead what is not a solution. "The pouring out of public money," he says, "is not a solution of the unemployment problem."

And in proof of this he states that every £1,000,000 of public money spent provides work for only 2,000 men directly and 2,000 indirectly. In other words, it would need an expenditure of £312,000,000 annually to mop up the army of unemployed, and £624,000,000 to do it by the direct effect of expenditure.

Is there need of anything more to be said on this nonsense?

I do not mean that it is wrong to adopt these temporary expedients. Let us build all the roads, electrify all the railways, construct all the public works that will add to the durable wealth of the country; but do not let us think we shall solve unemployment by *making work* and spending money for the sake of spending.

That way lies national bankruptcy—not trade revival. At the end of all your efforts you are worse off than when you began.

Pills no use

The root of the mischief is too deep to be touched by surface remedies. Patent pills will not cure the evils. Lord Beaverbrook's Imperial Zollverein will not cure it, for the simple reason that the Dominions will not look at Free Trade within the Empire.

There is only one thing that will cure unemployment, and that is a revolution within industry itself—a revolution that will enable us to win new markets and hold our own against the competition of the world.

That competition has intensified enormously since the war, and in every direction we are face to face with a new challenge and new methods.

How are we to meet that challenge and those methods? The force of the blow has fallen upon precisely those industries which have been the pillars of our trade supremacy in the past—coal, iron, steel, cotton, wool.

It is in these great industries that the unemployment problem centres. In the newer industries, like electrical plant, motor-cars, artificial silk, gramophones, wireless instruments, there is prosperity, and as the south of England has attracted those industries there is more trade activity south of the Trent than there has ever been.

Not pillars

But these industries, important though they are, will not restore national prosperity. They are not pillars upon which this great fabric can rest. They are largely luxury trades, and cannot sustain the densest industrial population in the world.

Moreover, they are subject to every wind that blows. Take away the M'Kenna duties and the Safeguarding provisions, and they will be deflated.

It is the staple industries that must revive if England is to revive and unemployment is to be conquered.

Why are those industries in the doldrums? Why are they stagnant before the competition of the United States, and even of Germany and France—France, where the complaint is not of unemployment, but of a famine of labour?

There are many causes, but the main causes are two: (1) antiquated methods and outworn machinery: (2) the ceaseless and suicidal conflict between Capital and Labour.

We have been monkeying with finance instead of putting our house in order—cutting away the dead wood, reconditioning our factories, learning the arts of salesmanship, consolidating our trade.

We need a revolution in these great industries, and if the revolution will not come from within it will come from without.

That able economist, Professor Henry Clay, of Manchester University, in his new book, "Post-War Unemployment Problem," indicates how the Government can help.

He deals mainly with the cotton trade, but his ideas apply equally to all the staple industries. He proposes the establishment of an Investment Board, with financial powers similar to those exercised under the Trades Facilities Act.

Is it Socialism?

This Board would devise principles for the regeneration and reconditioning of the industry, and would be invested with coercive powers to sweep away the petty obstructions of the selfish interests that block the path to a new and larger strategy of trade.

Socialism? Well, perhaps Socialism of a sort it is, though it is not nationalisation. But do not let us be frightened by the bogey of a name when the issue is whether the pillars of our trade are to stand or to fall, whether this country is going to be able to feed its forty millions or not feed them.

And there is another thing that the Government can do.

Labour is in power. It is on its trial as an instrument of government. It has done well abroad, but the real test is whether it can do well at home.

Its success or failure depends on whether it can stop that suicidal conflict between Capital and Labour that is so largely responsible for the stagnation of industry and the welter of unemployment.

Let Mr. MacDonald appeal boldly to the Party that has put him in power to back him up, to help him to bring peace into industry, and to show that Labour can conquer the disease of unemployment.

Lord Beaverbrook points to his remedy. "No cure," answers Mr. A. G. Gardiner, looking over his lordship's shoulder

"The war . . . brought him back to belief . . ."

FAITH Restored

Homely Wisdom

by the Rev. R J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

HUGH WALPOLE, one of the greatest of living writers, made a personal confession to a daily paper some time ago which impressed many people.

He is a son of the late Bishop of Edinburgh, one of the saintliest men of our day. No man with such a father could ever make light of sacred things.

Hugh Walpole says that, influenced by his father, he intended as a young man to enter the Christian ministry; but, while working among the poor in Liverpool, he came up against scenes of wretchedness and suffering that deprived him of his faith.

He could not believe in the existence of a Divine guiding hand in the lives of the numerous human beings whom he saw down and out or battling vainly for life in the cruel grip of want and disease; so he gave up the idea of being ordained.

For years the only faith he had was faith in the rules of decent living, of behaving justly and kindly to one's fellow-men, and trying to make his little corner of the world a little sweeter and cleaner for his being in it.

Then came the war, and, astonishing as it may seem, it brought him roughly back to belief in a good God and a life to come.

This experience is the exact opposite of what some other men have said of that orgy of rage and blood, and Mr. Walpole does not pretend to be able to explain what happened in his own case.

He simply says that he knows now beyond all doubt, though how he knows he cannot say, that there is a greater purpose and meaning in life than a single earthly lifetime can fully reveal.

This is my faith, too, put into a small compass:

There is no man or woman or little child, however humble or ignorant or obscure, whose life is really derelict.

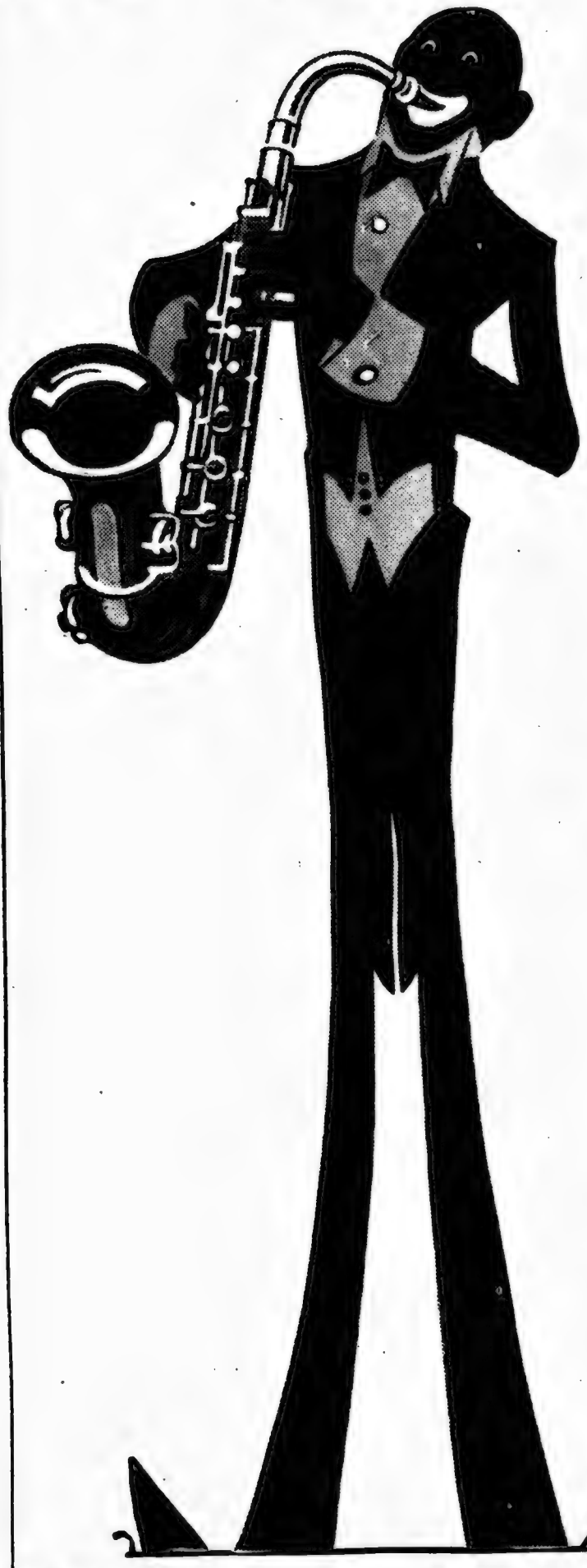
Every reader of these words counts for far more in the scale of being than all the stars in the sky; for you can know them; and they cannot know you. You are of the stuff that cannot perish.

Come what may, to be assured of this is to be fortified against all fears and to triumph over all ill.

As Rupert Brooke wrote when facing death for England:

"Safe shall be my going,
Secretly armed against all death's endeavour;
Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all."

IT'S GROWIN' DARKER....



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MINERS' RELIEF FUND—*New Scandal*

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

Workless miners from Newport, Mon., rest and feed on their way to London. Their hunger-march last winter was just a gesture —but they still go hungry

Sir Thomas Allen: "I know of nothing quite so scandalous"

IN the course of the next week or two the Coalfields Distress Fund is going to distribute £500,000 to miners and their families in the devastated areas.

It sounds a lot of money; but I am bound to ask right away what the fund is doing with half a million pounds still undistributed.

It is many months since operations were suspended, and, fund or no fund, the unemployed miners and their dependents have had to exist through the summer.

God alone knows how they have done it. I suppose, since last winter's distribution was made almost entirely in the form of boots and clothing, it has been assumed that men and women and children don't need these elementary necessaries in summer.

I wonder if the cold winds of winter are any colder than the chilly efforts of official charity?

Still, £500,000 more is going to be distributed at last. We mustn't, I suppose, be too critical.

Sir Thomas Allen, vice-chairman of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, has no scruples, however. He has been very critical indeed.

"I know of nothing in my private or public experience," he said recently, "that is quite so scandalous as the administration of a fund of this character which has been publicly subscribed.

"One would think, in all reasonable equity, seeing that not only co-operative societies but other tradesmen have to pay rent, rates and taxes, and live in these affected areas, that they should have the opportunity of participating in supplying goods in a matter of this character, instead of such goods being imported from outside for distribution.

"If that were all, it would be sufficient in itself; but when one learns that such goods are totally unfit for use after a short period, and do not represent anything like the quality of the goods these people in their ordinary circumstances use, it makes the matter very much worse."

That is a stinging charge that shouts for an answer. So far, the only answer it has got is that this winter all goods bought are to be bought from outside the distressed areas, and the local traders can go to blazes.

Wedding-ring sold

Some of them have gone already, thanks to their neglect by the Distress Fund. One of them recently wrote to his local paper:

"I have been in the boot business in this town since 1915. I was hit very hard during the strike, and now the Distress Committee has opened up repairing depots free of charge, and distributes so many new boots that it has completely crippled me.

"I have no work, no cash, no 'dole.' I have sold most of our household things—including my wife's wedding-ring—for food.

"I have tried hard and lost through no fault of my own, and now I have to go to the parish for a food-ticket, 13s. weekly, and am worried for my rent and rates."

The fact is that, through the misdirected efforts of the Distress Committee, the plight of the small traders in the coalfields is pathetic beyond description.

It has apparently been forgotten that these men have already incurred debts amounting to thousands of pounds through supplying their customers on credit in times of stress, and that they have sold their homes and mortgaged their property in order to keep going.

Merthyr Town alone owes its tradesmen £20,000 for goods supplied on vouchers, and, so far as I know, they have not been paid to this day. Is not this distress as acute as that of the unemployed miner?

See what a vicious circle it is!

Because a large portion of the trade of the local men is taken from them by reason of the wholesale dumping of goods for free distribution from other towns, they cannot pay their rates.

Bankrupt town

Because they cannot pay their rates Merthyr has no money with which to pay them for the goods they have already supplied. And so the senseless misery grows.

Those who do not live in the dark and shameful valleys of South Wales cannot, I think, form any real idea of what is going on. Money is unknown—has been unknown for years.

Tradesmen cannot sell their goods except through the Lord Mayor's Fund—and this will not buy them.

So there are literally hundreds of traders ruined or facing ruin, while boot merchants and manufacturers in distant and more prosperous towns have done a big business in supplying boots and clothing which could all have been got locally if a little common-sense had animated the Distress Committee.

Unless the maladministration that characterised the fund last winter is to be repeated in a few weeks' time there will have to be a very drastic change of method.

There came into my hands recently some astounding stories of what has been taking place. In one district boots were distributed so lavishly that they were hawked round at 4s. a pair by the recipients.

In another district people who had been given more than they required were selling them for as little as 1s. a pair.

In one village a man who was in regular work called in at a shop and ordered a pair of boots. When these were delivered they were promptly returned with the message: "We don't want these now, as we have been supplied by the Distress Committee."

There is no lack of evidence as to the unthinking way the distribution of goods purchased by the fund has been carried out. I have in front of me a large number of letters from local tradesmen.

"What we contend is," says one, "that in fairness to retailers we should have the option of supplying local requirements. Another 200 pairs of boys' boots arrived in this town from Leicester to-day."

"Goods arrive in large quantities from Cardiff," says another, "and are distributed among the poor and distressed—goods which could be purchased from traders here."

A third letter, this time from a competent trade union official, says: "From Aberdare most distressing reports are made of many retailers faced with ruin owing to boots having been carted here *from no less than five firms of wholesalers in Cardiff and distributed excessively.*"

I don't call it sense. I call it pure red-tape officialdom—I had almost said officiousness—which cannot think except in terms of tenders and contracts and cut prices.

For what is there to stop the whole thing being run on the voucher system, under which the local retailer will supply such goods as are required and receive payment from the fund?

I know that the Official Receiver is having the busiest time in South Wales that he has had for years, and that the Co-operative Society has had to shut down a number of its branches.

What good does it do if, in relieving one unemployment problem, you promptly create another?

Sawdust brains

This winter, I believe, local traders who wish to tender for the supply of boots and clothing are to be allowed to do so; but what chance will they have against the big wholesalers and manufacturers in the cities?

There is still time for the Coalfields Distress Committee to change its policy and to expend its balance locally. If it does not, it will simply have added another to the long list of mismanaged funds, whose good intentions have been stifled at birth by the sawdust brains of their administrators.

The Human Machine

Something like GRIT!

THE other day a Burnley boy passed his matriculation examination, and out of some 2,000 entrants he came out with flying colours in the first seventy.

Nothing remarkable in that? Perhaps not; but that is only a small part of the story. This boy had no money with which to pay his fare to London—and his whole future lay in his passing this examination.

Most people would have given it up—but not this boy. He owned a bicycle and he promptly set off for London by road.

He rode all day and at night slept under hedges. Heaven knows what he did when he finally reached London, but he existed somehow and won the prize on which his heart was set.

As an example of pure grit this would take some equalling. Men have won some of the most glittering of life's prizes with far less pluck and effort than this boy showed.

Is anything really beyond the reach of the man who is wholeheartedly determined to get it? Happenings like this make one wonder. It even gives real meaning to the "faith that can move mountains."

The truth is that most of the "mountains" we encounter in life are mental. The mere knowledge that they are there is enough to terrorise most of us.

Yet, if we would only stop to think, we should soon realise that if we can't go over them we can get round them. But how many of us ever stop to think?

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AN UNWELCOME WELCOME

THE GRINDSTONE needs his nose!

Without Fear or Favour

SPEAKING the other night at Leicester, Mr. Philip Snowden said: "Woe betide either of those Parties which should precipitate the early defeat of the Labour Government and disappoint the hopes and expectations of what, I am sure, are the overwhelming majority of the people of the country."

Perhaps he is right; but quite certainly he did not go far enough. He should have added: "And woe betide the Labour Government itself if it should disappoint those hopes and expectations."

Those hopes and expectations are based to-day, as they were during the election, on the solution of the unemployment problem. The only new factor in the situation to-day is an alarming increase in the number who are unemployed.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner refers in his article this week to the suggestions put forward by Professor Henry Clay for the establishment of an Investment Board, with financial powers similar to those possessed by the Government under the Trades Facilities Act.

The object of the Board would be to devise principles for the regeneration and reconditioning of industry, and it would have powers to stamp out ruthlessly selfish obstruction.

THERE is, no doubt, a lot in it; but, like all the measures so far proposed by the Government, it takes a long view. The "hopes and expectations" of the people are fixed on immediate alleviation of their distress.

"Some time," like the Gates of Paradise, is too far away to arouse much interest in the mind of the man who wants a job and hasn't got one.

The truth is that we are still being hamstrung by political jealousies and stultified by prejudice and Party. The unemployed, apparently, must be sacrificed to political prejudices, as for five weary years they were offered up on the altar of Conservative tradition.

For there is still untried a body of constructive proposals, worked out in unusual detail by some of the ablest brains in the country and backed by men of wide experience and sound judgment.

Many of these proposals have been vigorously advocated on Labour platforms. What prevents them being put into force by a Government which obtained power largely by supporting them when in opposition?

Why, we don't know—not being politicians; but it annoys us inexpressibly to see the toll of unemployment growing while any concrete suggestions whatever are so coolly pigeonholed.

At the opening of Parliament, Mr. MacDonald appealed to the House to regard itself as "a sort of National Council," and to pool its wisdom and its ideas for the benefit of all.

It seems to us that the time has come when Mr. MacDonald himself might take the first step to that desirable end.

* * *

UNLESS an unexpected development occurs, the woollen and worsted trade, Britain's third largest export industry, will be in the throes of a lock-out before another week is out.

Wages Can't be Cut

Learning nothing from the cotton dispute, the employers are at the old worn-out device of trying to recover prosperity by reducing wages.

Since the average wage to-day is £2 14s. 10d. for men and £1 12s. 3d. for women, we are not surprised that the proposed reductions of 4s. 7d. and 2s. 8d. a week respectively have been decisively rejected.

It is pathetic to see industry after industry come to the verge of disaster without the Government being able to prevent negotiations breaking down.

We unrepentantly persist in our argument that the time for action is before a stoppage, not after it.

So far as the wool trade is concerned, one of the chief problems is the constant shrinking in production of raw materials. Another is markets for finished goods at home and abroad.

Wage reduction is a poor substitute for the brains needed to overcome such a bed-rock fact.

A FORTNIGHT ago we urged the British motor industry to think big and to think imperially. We pointed out the enormous potentialities of the overseas market if it were properly exploited, and suggested that a positive gold-mine was waiting to be worked.

Where the Profits Go

Now, at the instigation of Mr. Thomas, the industry is preparing to pull itself together for a definite attack on these lines. We evidently hit a large nail plumb on the head.

The Prudential Assurance Company is going to back this scheme to the tune of £1,000,000. It can well afford to do so. The millions it has accumulated from the earnings and savings of the industrial population must be invested somewhere.

As a matter of fact, the financial tentacles of the Prudential are spreading everywhere—not only in this country, but abroad. They are even to be found in Poland, assisting Polish coal, which is one of the competitors of the British coalfields.

It is, therefore, at least some satisfaction to find the Prudential definitely backing a scheme that will assist a purely British industry and help to alleviate unemployment.

It can have whatever credit it deserves for that.

At the same time, it throws into vivid relief our constant charge that a wealthy company like this can afford, without risking undue injury, to treat its policy-holders very much more generously.

WHILE those who have paid their premiums week by week can no doubt feel some satisfaction in seeing their money invested in sound concerns, they must also wonder why a company that can airily promise £1,000,000 to the British motor industry cannot satisfy their perfectly just claims for a few shillings.

We suggest to the Prudential that a little reflection along those lines wouldn't hurt it. It might even pass on from the stage of reflection to that of action—though the prospect is almost too poignant for us to bear.

"The oldest V.C. alive is General Hart, . . . risking his life to save a private"

Gunner Drain. "His nerves are so upset driving a 'bus . . . he wishes he was back in France"

What about t

HEROES NEGLEC

SOMEWHERE in the Prince of Wales' recently published "Legion Book" is a ballad by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, called "The English Way." One of the verses runs:

"Greater the deed, greater the need
Lightly to laugh it away,
Shall be the mark of the English breed
Until the Judgment Day!"

Read this ballad, substitute the word "British" for "English," and title the poem "Our V.C.s," and you will end by knowing something of the kind of man who wears the Empire's highest honour for bravery under fire.

And you will sympathise with Captain Willcox, of the British Legion, who has been trying for weeks to get V.C.s to come out into the open and meet the Prince of Wales at dinner in the House of Lords.

There are some 500 V.C.s alive. For all that is known of them, they might be dead.

Occasionally, of course, one does happen to drift rather self-consciously into the limelight. He is usually found starving. Some are said to be living in poverty.

Publicity a plague

Nothing, however, must be said about that. V.C.s loathe publicity. They avoid it like a plague.

That little bit of swift notoriety in France or Gallipoli which ended in a most uncomfortable interview with the King at Buckingham Palace must be lived down. It's not a thing a fellow should talk about.

"He's a sound, steady man," wrote a well-meaning friend of one V.C. in a letter pleading the hero's eligibility to attend the Prince of Wales' dinner. "I do hope you'll ask him to come along. He works very hard at his job and he has never once been in the hands of the police. . . ."

On February 14, 1918, the *London Gazette* officially accused this particular V.C. of "most conspicuous bravery."

Swatting guns

His company was being held up by a machine-gun at point-blank range. He offered to go out and remove it, but permission was refused. The job was too dangerous.

But before that answer was conveyed to him, he was on his way with a Mills bomb. A few minutes later he had killed two enemy gunners and captured their gun.

Shortly afterwards, his company came under heavy fire, and after the last officer and non-com. had become casualties, this man took charge of the company, told it to lie down, and went himself under terrible fire to fetch a "tank." He then returned to his company and led it to its last objective.

He is now working down a mine in Royston, Yorkshire, apparently ashamed of the whole business.

It is a well-meaning friend who "spilled the beans" about him, and he is said to feel the position keenly. Just now he considers himself lucky because his present job might be bringing him £2 a week; but he doesn't complain.

Unfortunately, we cannot mention his name, but we can tell you about Private Tom Dresser, late of the Green Howards, who lives in the same county.

Tom runs a newsagent's, and tobacconist's business in Middlesbrough. He's a queer chap. He has strong ideas about delivering messages, even when he is twice wounded and suffering great pain. But he doesn't want the peculiarity known.

Some time in 1914 he was given a message from battalion headquarters to take up to the front line. Most men, when they had been hit once on the way, would have resigned their job.

But Tom was hit twice and, in a state of collapse, went on and handed over his message. It happened to prove of great value to his battalion at a most critical period.

Who let the cat out of the bag about Tom? Perhaps it was a customer. Anyway, Tom is being dragged along to the House of Lords for dinner, and someone is in for it when he gets back home.

If we were asked what was the great failing common to all V.C.s, we should reply unhesitatingly that it was their lack of restraint on seeing a pal lying wounded in No Man's Land. They simply have to climb out and bring him in.

Take Jim Smith as an example. He is at present living quietly near Tom—at North Ormsby, Middlesbrough, to be exact—working at a job bringing him in a steady £2 a week.

He won't say what the job is, in case someone finds him out.

On December 21, 1914, the 3rd Battalion of the Border Regiment was keeping civilisation in order round about Rouges Bancs—a nasty, unhealthy place with a high death-rate—when Jim suddenly turned red and climbed the parapet.

A few minutes passed and he climbed down again with a wounded man on his shoulder. The poor fellow had been lying exposed against the enemy's trenches for seventy-five hours.

Later that day, Jim went out and brought in another wounded man.

Both little jobs were done under heavy fire—an hour's exposure all told—but Jim didn't mind. And he obviously has nothing printed about this little affair on the back of his testimonials when he is looking for a job.

His award, by the way, appeared in the same list as that of Mr. Arthur Martin Leake. Mr. Leake was taking a distinction without precedent—a double V.C.

And a bar too

Mr. Leake is a doctor. He won his first V.C. twelve years before his second, in South Africa. He attended a wounded man under heavy fire from forty-odd sporting Boers at 100 yards range.

He collected the second V.C. near Zonnebeke, in rescuing a number of wounded close to the enemy trenches, also under heavy fire.

It is a most difficult job finding out anything about the greater part of the V.C. Brotherhood.

Where are they? What are they doing?

There is an association for protecting the interests of most people. The promise of an annual dinner will bring all sorts of queer folk together without any trouble whatever. But try and get V.C.s together and you are almost wasting your time.

"I want to be left alone, please," said Mr. Curtis, V.C., at the Tower of London, the other day. There was a dangerous glint in his eye, and he looked rather meaningly towards the shed where he keeps his halberd.

He's a Beefeater. Every time the King goes to open Parliament he has the nerve-racking job of poking about in the basement of the Mother of Parliaments to see if anyone like Guy Fawkes is lurking around with gunpowder and bombs.

'Busman's nerves

He wants to be left alone, like Mr. Burt, V.C. Mr. Burt has gone into gracious retirement at the New Inn, Chesham, Bucks.

"I think it's a good idea," he said vaguely, when we suggested that he should get together with other V.C.s and form a society.

What can be done with men like that? There is Gunner Drain. His nerves are so upset driving a 'bus on the Barking-Marylebone route that he sometimes wishes he was back in the comparative safety of France again.

Years ago, in 1914, an official despatch called him, together with Captain Reynolds and Driver Luke, "the last gleam of light upon this gloomy corner of the field." All three got the V.C.

The despatch was referring to a place at Le Cateau. The above-mentioned trio brought away a howitzer lying two hundred yards from the Germans.

Admiral Campbell. "Every time . . . he was flirting with death"

"Yes, I am Colonel Burges," said the Resident Governor of Mr. Curtis' place of work, suspiciously. "What do you want?"

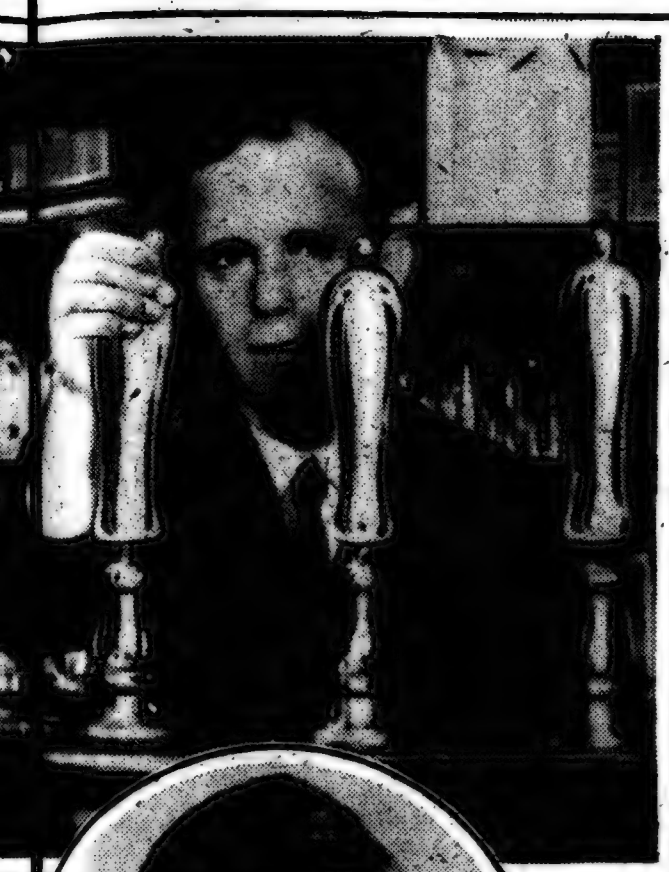
Dan Burges won nearly every decoration possible in the last war, except the Iron Cross. They shot him three times, and he had to fall unconscious before he would retire from leading his men at Jumeaux, in the Balkans.

He now looks after the Crown jewels. They should be perfectly safe.

But to catalogue the deeds of all our soldier V.C.s is an impossible task. There is Laidlaw, the piper, who went over at Loos playing his pipes. There is Padre Woolley, one of the bravest men who ever wore the cloth. He is blind now and a master at Harrow School.

...the V.C.s now?

...GLECTED by a "GRATEFUL COUNTRY"



The Tower of London's two V.C.s. Governor Dan Burges "looks after the Crown jewels." Yeoman-Warder Curtis looks for Guy Fawkes

Sergeant Laidlaw reconstructs the act which won him his V.C. for a British war-film. Wounded and in agony, he piped on his comrades to victory

"Mr. Burt has gone into gracious retirement at the New Inn, Chesham, Bucks." It looks very gracious in this picture

Now he is blind. But the Rev. G. H. Woolley, V.C., still shows Harrow School how to play the game

Names like Mike O'Leary, of the Irish Guards; Izzy Smith, the Jewish V.C.; "Rivvy" Grenfell, the poet, friend of Rupert Brooke and Patrick Shaw-Stewart—those brilliant youths who, had they lived, would have made their time a golden age—such names occur readily to us.

Of course, all the V.C.s were not won by soldiers. The Navy got a large number, and so did the Air Force.

One of the best-known of the Naval V.C.s is Captain Gordon Campbell, of "Q" ships fame. He used to be in the R.N.R.

Gordon Campbell is a fitting answer to those people who have read a lot about human conduct and say there is no such thing as courage.

When Gordon Campbell took out his first "Q" ship, an ordinary tramp-steamer, but fitted with guns, the shrewdest brains at the Admiralty considered his venture a desperate and brainless gamble with Fate.

Every time Campbell engaged a hostile submarine he was flirting with death. Hiding behind his concealed guns, often under close-range shell-fire, and sometimes actually in a sinking condition, he coolly gave orders to his gun-crews, also concealed, and waited for the opportunity to start his deadly fire.

One false move would have betrayed him and ended in death.

He sank many submarines, because not only had he outstanding courage, but, what seems common among all V.C.s, great force of character, resource and the rare gift of leadership.

The V.C. is not an ordinary man, although he takes great pains to act as if he were.

It's deliberate

Face to face with peril, he deliberately performs an act of superhuman valour with no thought of safety to himself. He has the ability to force nerve, heart and sinew to accomplish a deed from which most men would shrink.

In the whole tally of V.C.s there does not appear a case where a man has acted in blind recklessness and without some knowledge of the danger he was facing.

Commander Carpenter took the *Vindictive* through heavily mined waters to blockade the Mole at Zeebrugge. Terrible and decimating fire was awaiting him from the land, but he went straight to his objective, moving freely amongst his men, encouraging and helping them to meet what was almost certain death.

It was the same with the air V.C.s.

No man can win an air fight as the result of some headlong, crazy act of recklessness. All the time he is fighting he must have possession of himself, and his brain must be on the alert to meet each lightning move.

Sky-fighting hero

Colonel Bishop officially brought down seventy-three enemy aeroplanes and caused many others to bruise themselves in a hurried exit to earth.

He used to go up alone in France and engage whole enemy squadrons single-handed.

The same can be said of gallant Ball, who was killed, and Mannock, also killed, the greatest British airman of the last war.

Reckless airmen met short shrift in France. The V.C. could only be earned through some cool, calculated and daring act that ended in success.

Bishop once said that the great thing in flying was to know when to quit. One of his jobs after the war was to run a chain of cafeterias on Canadian lines.

He is now living in Hertford Street, Mayfair.

Nearly every V.C. seems a man of resource. The brain and nerve which earned him his decoration earns him often a living in a profession of which he had had no previous experience.

Other V.C.s, through wounds and bad health, have had to take quiet and humdrum jobs. Some of these jobs are "cushy." But the privilege of filling them has been well earned, and no one grudges the holders their luck.

And a small pension attaching to the V.C.—£10 a year—is available to help things along. It might be larger. One day, perhaps, the Treasury might relent and double the present sum.

It is a far cry back to the first days in the history of the decoration, but it is the same type of man winning it to-day. The oldest V.C. alive is General Hart. He won his V.C. in 1879, for risking his life to save that of a private in the Afghan War.

The gifts that earn the V.C. are not confined to one particular class. They appear in all classes—aristocrats, professional men, 'bus-drivers, school-caretakers, innkeepers—even ex-convicts.

A mixed bag

In the list of surviving V.C.s there is ample evidence of this fact, and such a widely socially assorted body of men has never before sat at dinner with the Heir to the Throne in the House of Lords.

Many of them are poor, some actually in need. Their supreme valour played no small share in winning the war.

They were promised—what were they not promised when they enlisted? Have they all had a square deal from their "grateful country"?

We all know that they, in common with every other ex-Service man, have not.

Their heroism has had to be its own reward, for their "grateful country" has done precious little for them.

Armistice Day is close at hand. When the Silence is near think for a moment—What about the V.C.s?

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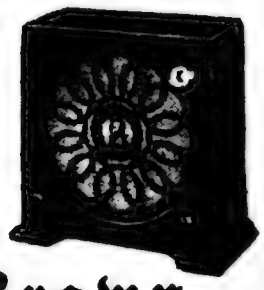

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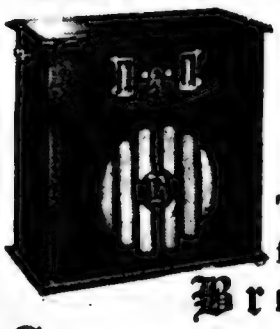

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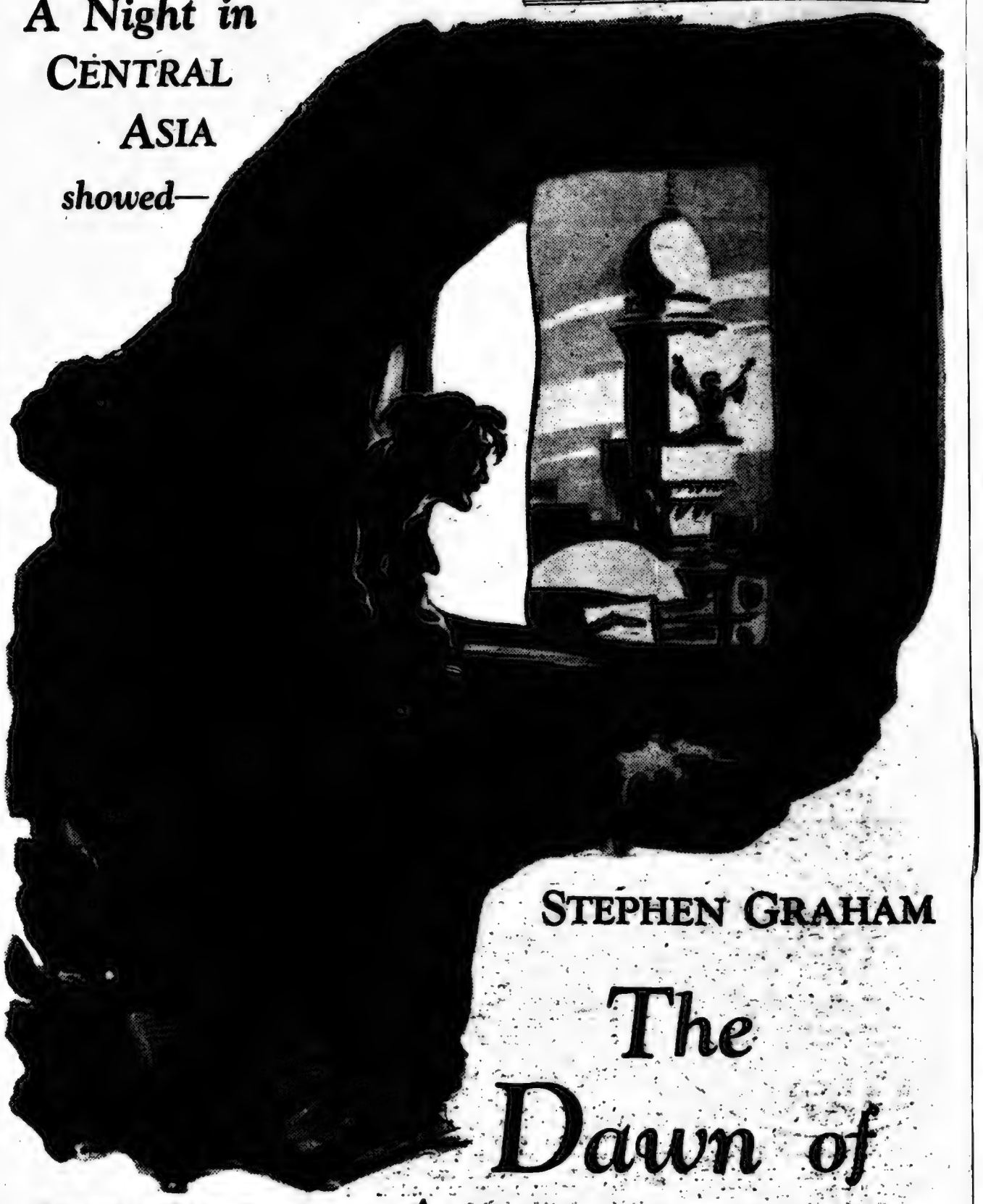

STEPHEN GRAHAM

The Dawn of Armageddon

Illustrated by Edgar Spenceley

THERE are many people—clairvoyants, astrologers, and even journalists—who claim that they foretold the Great War, but I do not belong to their number. I am suspicious of the supernatural. Nevertheless, I did have once in my life an experience which seems to belong to the realm of the occult. You may say it was a warning or premonition of the war, or you may explain it by natural causes.

In June, 1914, about the time of the Sarajevo murder, I was tramping across Central Asia, knapsack on back, under a glaring sun, over an endless plain.

The snow-crowned range of the Thian Shan closed the horizon on my right, but on my left and in front of me stretched a parched desert. It was so bare that to gather sticks to ignite enough dry camel-dung to boil a kettle took upwards of an hour.

The only mark of civilisation was the eternally buzzing telegraph-wire going on to Kashmere and China, and the way was so desolate that one involuntarily began counting telegraph-poles as one walked.

Occasionally I encountered an uncommunicative Moslem, mounted on a camel, whose iron bell sounded as lugubrious as that of a leper.

I mention these details because they give something of the atmosphere of this tramping expedition, so that those who wish to explain away the strange night that followed may be justified in saying that I had had a slight touch of sunstroke, or that I was suffering from an impressionable melancholy induced by fatigue and loneliness.

Towards sundown I reached the oasis of Aulie Ata, and decided that after a fortnight sleeping out every night on the level sand it would be pleasant to repose on a bed in an inn.

One becomes very matter-of-fact when tramping and roughing it. If someone says he will cut your throat, you do not believe him. If a savage dog rushes at you, you give him a kick he is likely to remember. If you come to a hostile village, you just ignore the hostility and demand what you want with a devil-may-care air.

But I confess I felt somewhat uneasy when I entered the oasis. It seemed hid in a blighted mist of willow and osier. Ten thousand frogs were croaking. The houses were all blind; not a window looked outward.

Heavily veiled women were walking about in the dusk, and turbaned men who paid no more attention to my coming among them than if I were a spirit.

There was an evening call to prayer from a hundred mosques, and everyone was facing Mecca and kneeling and making ablution at the frog-stricken dykes.

I strode on in quest of a lodging for the night, and soon found a disreputable-looking *caravanserai*, where I found a tumbledown bed in a room whose door had no lock. As I had nothing worth stealing, I had no objection to insecurity. It was a pleasure to have at last abundance of water and to wash the sand out of one's ears.

While I was changing my linen and

Continued on page 24.

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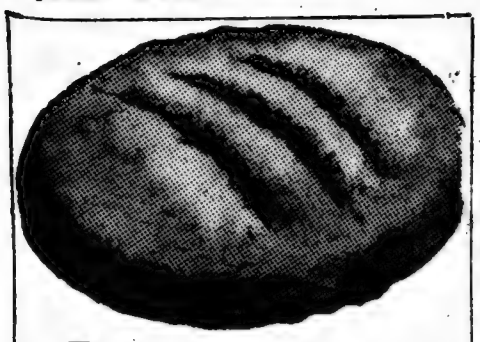

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"The Dawn of ARMAGEDDON"

(*Continued from page 22.*)

preparing to go out and explore the town, the frog-chorus ceased. It was night. But almost at the same moment a new noise began to dominate Aulie Ata.

It was a sound of horns, tremendous calls upon horns which a superstitious peasant might easily have mistaken for the trump of doom. *Terummm, terummm.*

I have always thought of the call of Gabriel as quite a mild bugle-call, a sort of still, small voice which even the dead of thousands of years long past must hear and obey. But I got a new idea of the prelude to the Last Judgment that night.

To say that this horn-blowing was disturbing would be to use a very mild word. It was devastating. And it did not cease.

SOON I found an open-air restaurant, fenced round with bamboo, and all the while I was eating I heard the horns—*terummm, terummm, terummmm.* The proprietor of the restaurant was an Armenian, so I was able to obtain a Caucasian dish, *shashlik,* bits of lamb toasted on a skewer over an open fire.

I was glad to share my bottle of rather ambrosial, sweet red wine with the Armenian. He sat down with me at my table, under a fruit-laden cherry-tree partly illuminated by an immense spirit-lamp.

The Armenian told me that the horns were over 3 yds. long, and there were only about half a dozen people left in the world who could blow them, and they happened to be in Aulie Ata that night.

It was an appalling orchestral accompaniment to dinner, but my mind was distracted by the swarms of locusts, beetles and insects that were attracted by the fierce light of the spirit-lamp. Stunned moths and beetles continually fell on us as we talked.

This was a strangely dreary restaurant, and I was the only customer. I did not learn much more about the devastating horns from the proprietor, but he told me that Aulie Ata had once been a Moslem shrine of repute through Asia, and that a holy man had once appeared and taught there.

Every ten minutes there was silence, and then once more the hubbub broke out again. Besides the blasts on the horns there was now a lesser accompaniment of drums and bagpipes, or of reeds that sounded like bagpipes. I finished my wine and set off through the dark, unlighted streets to find the origin of the strange music and look upon the horn-players.

I came to them at last. The horn-blowers were on the roof of a house, and there were two of them. They raised their gigantic horns first to the sky, then horizontally, and then to the ground. The horizontal blowing was the most tolerable.

BUT when they lifted the horns on high they fairly rent the sky; the stars seemed to tremble. And when they pointed the horns downward you would say that the clarion could have been heard a hundred feet underground.

The intimacy of approach did not make the sound any more pleasant. Nor was I curious to find out what more might happen. I went back to the inn, in the vain hope of getting out of earshot. A free fight was in progress there.

Someone was trying to eject a woman lodger, not apparently because she was immoral, but because she was behindhand in paying commissions. The ejection, accomplished by the yard-porter and a policeman, was very noisy, but it did not drown the horns.

I reflected that a night in the desert under the stars was, after all, much more desirable than one in this wretched inn.

I found that the shutters of my window were barred. There was no lamp to be had. I had only a waste end of candle in my knapsack. The bed was a foot too short. But I was dog-tired, and I fell asleep immediately.

I had hardly fallen asleep when I began to dream. I was suddenly far away from Central Asia. I was in England; I was discussing philosophy. I dreamed that I was doing something unbecoming and had pretended I was doing something else.

In a state between sleeping and waking, I reflected that manners and civilisation are only a pretence. Mankind are pretenders. Incarnation itself is only a mask. We take mankind for granted as pleasant, easy-going wearers of clothes, but under the surface there is something very different.

There was nothing very terrifying in that thought. But while I lay there, cramped in this wretched bed, I fell suddenly into a much deeper sleep.

And out of the depths of the most profound slumber I was awakened by a dreadful announcement made in a voice that could only be fittingly accompanied by those tremendous horns.

The words that awoke me were, I think, the most appalling that I have ever encountered. For years afterwards I could not recall them without a shudder, though now that the war and its horrors are things of the past they are completely disenchanted. The words were these. You can interpret them as you will:

"A great dissimulator has escaped, shut in prison from everlasting."

IT seemed to me then and it seems to me now a marvellous formula of evil. I started up with a cold sweat on my brow. I struck a match and looked at my watch; it was two o'clock. The horn-blowing had ceased; there was an intense silence.

My first thought was that a devil had been let loose among mankind. But I could not think about it calmly. The idea seemed much more terrible to me than the mere words. It was as if I, a mortal, had by chance heard something I was not intended to hear, a whisper from the evil underworld.

Of course, it could be simply explained as a continuation of my previous thought by a subconscious process. Men are all pretenders, dissimulators; they are spirits in disguise, some perhaps devils in disguise. And now a great maker of evil has escaped from hell, and walks the world unseen in the guise of a man.

But the thrill was more shattering than any obtainable by reasoning or by mere dreaming. I was suddenly awake, more awake than I had been for a long time. I was terrorised by those words, which I tried to banish to a remote place in my consciousness so as not easily to recall them.

There was no more sleeping for me that night. I went out of my room, and found the yard-porter asleep on the floor of the corridor. I roused him and made him unbar the shutters of my window.

Then I lit that waste-end of candle

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NEXT WEEK—a famous author tells a poignant real life story of the Two Minutes Silence—

"ARMISTICE DAY"

by J. D. Beresford

and put a little sacred picture that I used to carry about with me on the table in front of me. I took paper and pencil and sat there and wrote, wrote till dawn.

I filled sheet after sheet. Hours passed. The silence was at last broken by a soft, melodious, enquiring trill of bird song, then by another, then by several. Nightingales were beginning to sing in all the trees of the oasis. Nightingales, nightingales — *sweet, sweet.*

The dark towers of the mosques began to stand out in the dusk of dawn. There was a voice from the skies saying there is no God but God—a mullah from a dark tower. Then from all the mosques of the oasis the same melodious, heraldic chant, the muezzin on the morning air.

AND as if they, too, were Mahomedans, all the cocks from their roosts began to crow and all the branches of the willow-trees began to come into view as the sun rose from the bare horizon.

Thus closed my most unforgettable night in Central Asia. I hastened to get away from Aulie Ata. It was as if the place were haunted for me.

It was a long time before I reached the Chinese border; longer still before I obtained a European newspaper and learned of the murder at Serajevo and the ferment that was leading to war, ruin and destruction, revolution and endless unhappiness.

I certainly did not then connect this dream of the devil being at large with the outbreak of war. But that remarkable night at Aulie Ata remained the biggest event in my memory and consciousness. And it was only with reluctance that I told the story, so horrible did the words seem to me.

In all my life I came nearest to evil at Aulie Ata, the thing which is evil in itself. Of that I am convinced. That is why I experienced such fear. In the ordinary way I am not afraid of much. I could not take pleasure in a vagabond life if I were. Except for this occurrence I would say I had not experienced fear.

LAST year, in a *questionnaire* interview in New York, I was asked, "What are you afraid of?" And for the life of me I could not think of an answer. But I think that anyone who heard those words in a dream would be afraid.

You may say "A touch of sunstroke," "Fatigue and loneliness," "The idea of the trump of doom conveyed by those extraordinary horns," "The after-effects of eating *shashlik,*" "That sweet red wine was too ambrosial."

I know. That is how I explain it to myself now, and did then. But no explanation can quite do away with the intrinsic reality and horror of that voice out of the depths.

Those who dabble in the occult have been greatly interested by it and tell me that it is by no means nonsense. If I understand them aright, I received a remarkable premonition of the war.

The experience has been collected and annotated and filed somewhere in someone's researches. I confess I am no longer interested in the interpretation that is placed upon the words I heard. It is an experience in the past and as such has its place in an eventful life

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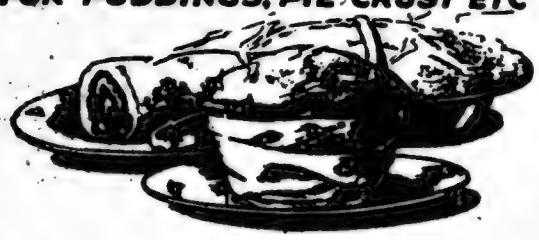

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THE day is for work and activity—the night for rest and sleep. All Nature uses the hours of darkness for restorative and refreshing sleep.

Sleep is just as necessary for men and women. But often the work and worry of the day so excite the brain and nerves that through miserable hours you wait for the sleep that never comes. You rise in the morning feeling more tired than when you went to bed.

Only nourishment can soothe and restore worn nerves and tired brain. "Ovaltine" stands supreme as the food beverage which supplies concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form. It is prepared from malt, milk and eggs, and contains, in correct proportions, every food essential—including all the vitamins—for building up brain, nerves and body. No other food contains the same restorative nourishment.

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Enjoyment in every puff—Manikin flavour runs round the palate——smooth as a fine old port.

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You have yet to enjoy the fine delights of pure ripe tobacco—mellow, mild and satisfying — rolled by hand without paper.

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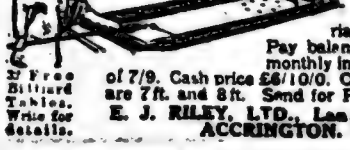

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He had no time for marriage. But now he's just become engaged

The MILLIONAIRE who lives on Sulphur

Greatest Matchmaker in the World

MANY big business men declare that they dislike publicity—and carefully read all the paragraphs about themselves in the daily papers.

But there is one big business man who really does hate being written up. He is Mr. Ivar Kreuger, head of the Swedish Match Trust and Match King of the world.

Mr. Kreuger has just completed arrangements for making a loan of £25,000,000 to the German Government in return for a monopoly of the match trade of the world.

Even in these days of vast financial deals, £25,000,000 is a large sum of money. But to Mr. Kreuger it is merely a small item in his plans for complete domination of the match trade of the world.

Mr. Kreuger has built up an enormous personal fortune out of penny boxes of matches; he is powerful enough to be able to play a big part in international politics as well as in finance.

Huge growth

In a comparatively few years he has gained control of the match monopoly in some fifteen countries.

He owns 150 factories in forty-two lands, employing close upon 60,000 men.

The capital resources of the Swedish Match Trust alone amount to well over £125,000,000.

In addition, Mr. Kreuger controls the vastly powerful international finance company, Kreuger and Toll, which is associated with some of the biggest financial interests in the world.

Through Kreuger and Toll, Mr. Ivar Kreuger is able to finance Governments or buy up national combines in order to further his match ambitions.

He has lent millions of money, not only to Germany, but to France, Poland, Greece, Portugal, Peru, Hungary, Roumania, and several other smaller States.

In all of these he has received in return for financial aid the match monopoly of the country.

In Great Britain he has a large share interest in a financial corporation which controls several British match factories.

His share interest here amounts to £1,800,000; but his say in the affairs of British match manufacturers is much bigger than merely the financial participation would justify.

By a marketing agreement, he has prevented the importation of practically all foreign matches into Great Britain—except those made by his own companies.

Scores of men who made prosperous livings as importers of matches manufactured on the Continent have found themselves suddenly unable to obtain supplies. Many are ruined.

It is now no longer possible to buy in England the cheap brands of matches which were once sold in thousands of small shops in poor districts. The poor man's matches cost him more—and Ivar Kreuger reaps the profit.

The interests of this king of finance spread as far abroad as China and Japan, India and Haiti, North Africa, Canada, Australia, Brazil, Chili, Mexico—wherever matches are used there are the interests of Mr. Ivar Kreuger and the Swedish Match Trust.

He doesn't tell

In addition, he controls through Kreuger and Toll vast interests in the iron and steel industry on the Continent, and owns enormous forests.

Not even his friends know how far his power really extends; for he believes in keeping his own counsel.

What type of man is this whose power is so immense?

He is fifty years old, and has an iron constitution. When conducting important negotiations, he will work four days and nights without sleep.

In summer and in winter, he starts the day with an ice-cold bath, followed by a period of violent physical exercise.

He has been so busy working that he has had little time for other interests.

He used to tell his friends that he had no time even for marriage; but he has, at the age of fifty, become engaged to the Countess Wachtmeister, a Swedish aristocrat.

No hotels for him

Perhaps that is a sign that he has nearly reached the summit of his ambitions, and is preparing to take life more easily.

He hates the publicity of hotels, and in order to avoid it keeps up expensive flats in London, Paris, Berlin and New York.

When he is forced to put up at an hotel, he enters his name simply as "Mr. I. Kreuger, Engineer, Stockholm," and does not mix with the other guests.

He never touches alcohol of any kind.

Kreuger's career has been brilliant, but not of the "quickly get rich" character.

At the age of twenty he studied technique in Stockholm and worked afterwards as a building engineer with several concrete firms.

In 1913 he began to compete with the powerful Swedish Jonkoping concern, which manufactured matches of the value of 13,000,000 krones annually.

In 1916 Kreuger had reached a production of 34,000,000 krones, and in 1917 he "ate up" the Jonkoping people and took over all their factories.

After the war, when the purchasing power of European States fell very low and the Swedish match industry's markets were threatened by high tariff walls, the concern seemed doomed to ruin; but Kreuger knew how to tackle the problem.

He approached the Governments of European States just at such moments when they were most anxious to obtain foreign loans, and offered them capital on one condition—that they left him to exploit their match monopoly.

Network spreads

But apart from these achievements, Kreuger has also gradually acquired control over the raw materials for his industry, and he possesses huge forests all over Northern Europe.

Kreuger has understood the art of making progress with very little initial capital.

It was merely his honesty and the confidence in his capability and working power which obtained for him enormous facilities and financial means in Wall Street and in the City of London.

In nearly all cases when he financed some impoverished European country, he succeeded in obtaining the required capital from American or English financiers, himself merely guaranteeing the amount to the latter.

He naturally travels very much, assisted only by his excellent memory and by the same little note-book which has by now become famous all through Northern Europe.

Instead of voluminous files, steel cabinets and card registers, and served by a large number of secretaries and accountants, he keeps all records of his gigantic transactions in this little note-book and in his memory.

Quietly and unobtrusively he moves across the world, with his handbag and his umbrella—and never without that fateful little notebook. If ever he has an odd minute, out it comes. Then M. Kreuger reckons up how many millions the Governments of mankind really owe him.

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CROSSWORDS
to you!

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What couldn't I do to a lager!

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BARCLAY'S LAGER

Light or Dark—the drink for a lordly thirst

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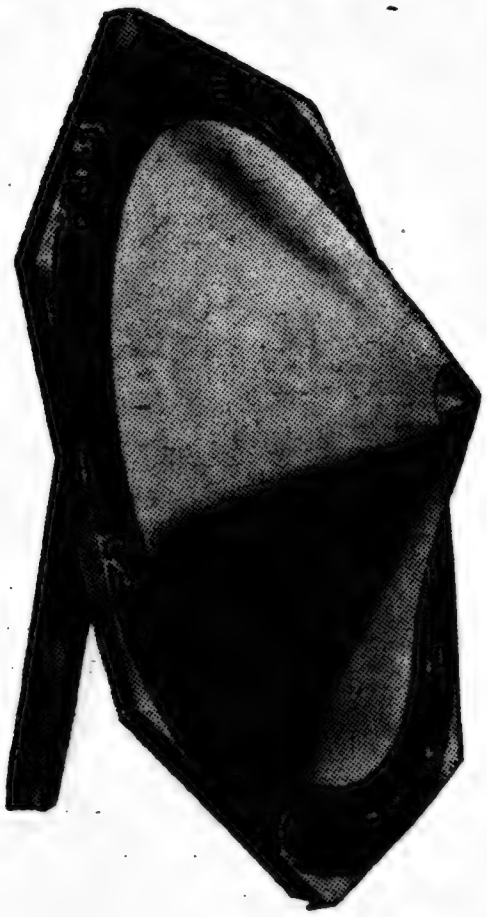

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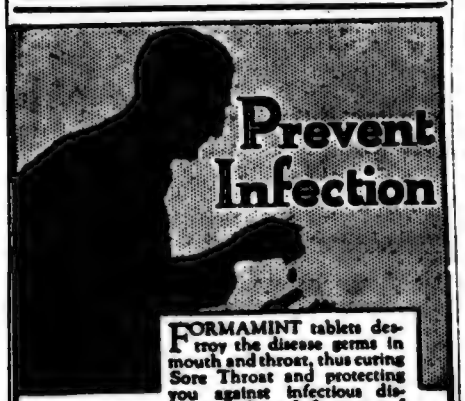

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Whether they be meat paste, fish, cheese or tomato, H.P. gives a finishing touch of delicious flavour.

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SAUCE

The World's Appetiser.

Coming over a jump all in a bunch. A stipendiary steward on the watch would prevent disputes over such incidents as this

A WHIP *for the* JOCKEY CLUB

FLAT-RACING is almost over until next spring. Another season of meetings under National Hunt rules is upon us.

During the past summer the totalisator has fitfully appeared and sometimes worked on our racecourses. The Racecourse Betting Board of Control has done its best to provide for the public appetite for investing money in these mechanical bookies. Its best has proved not good enough.

To most racing folk this "tote" problem still clouds the horizon. Actually it is already a thing of the past.

Even the Board of Control's insufficient installations have proved beyond all doubt that the "tote" will pay its way in England, that it will prove extremely popular—in fact, that the "tote" is the ready-money betting medium of the future.

A new question has already displaced the "tote" in the discussions of those who are genuinely "in the know" about racing. This is the problem of stipendiary stewards.

At present, of course, race-meetings, both under Jockey Club and National Hunt Rules, are controlled by honorary stewards. At each meeting a few men, experienced in Turf matters, preside over affairs, hear all objections, decide all doubtful points concerning the running of horses, the riding and conduct of jockeys.

But there are a thousand-and-one things which they can never see. Jockeys still defy all the rules of racing with impunity—in fact, a matter must be glaring indeed before it is even brought to the notice of the stewards.

The reason for this is that no steward can be in two—or three—places at once. Take the Cesarewitch, for instance. During half a mile of the running the whole field passes out of sight from the stands. What goes on then can never be known by the stewards except from hearsay.

Reading races

If a paid steward, however, was stationed so that he could read the race through that half mile, no objection lodged for an offence taking place during this stage of the race would be unchecked by independent evidence.

If paid stewards could be so useful in a race such as the Cesarewitch, how much more valuable would they be at jumping meetings in the winter. During almost every steeplechase the field vanishes from sight of the stands on a cross-country tour.

What goes on until horses and riders reappear in sight cannot at present be checked. Stipendiary stewards stationed at intervals along the course could by their vigilance absolutely prevent any crooked jockey profiting by his trickery.

When an objection is lodged under present conditions, the honorary stewards must rely on their ingenuity to discover the truth from the often conflicting evidence of various jockeys. They are not often trained in gauging the reliability of this or that statement. It is not, therefore, too much to say that their rulings are frequently most unsatisfactory.

But if they had at their disposal the unbiased testimony of a stipendiary steward, who actually observed the incident on which the objection is based, their position would be stronger, and their decisions not so often unwittingly unjust.

Once the stipendiary steward system was properly organised, it might even be possible to relieve jockeys—which means, in practice, owners—from raising objections.

The stewards stationed along the course would be perfectly competent to report any infringement of the rules of racing to the honorary stewards before the result of each race was declared.

Of course, honorary stewards will violently denounce the introduction of stipendiary stewards, both in Jockey Club and National Hunt Committee controlled racing. Just as the bookmakers screamed against the "tote" because it threatened their pockets, so the stupider honorary stewards will scream against stipendiaries, because they threaten their power.

Little monarchs

That is only human nature. It is very agreeable for three old gentlemen to survey an important race-meeting and realise that they are monarchs of all they survey.

The less prejudiced and tradition-bound honorary stewards, however, will welcome stipendiary assistance. One famous steward of many meetings has, in fact, already privately declared himself warmly in support of the idea.

The Jockey Club has always shown itself a most conservative body. For years after the value of the starting-gate had been definitely proved abroad the Jockey Club would allow no starting-gate on an English racecourse. It was the same story with numbered saddle-cloths, and many other minor but highly valuable improvements.

Therefore, you may expect a long, illogical and unexplained resistance before the Jockey Club or National Hunt Committee gives in to the stipendiary steward idea.

"But," the reader may ask, "if the Jockey Club is against stipendiary stewards, who can force its hand? The club is a self-elective body and a notorious exclusive one. How can we hope that a majority of its stewards will ever be in favour of this sensible and obvious reform?"

The answer is that, exclusive and aloof though the Jockey Club and Hunt Committee may be, they cannot long ignore strong public opinion among racing-men.

When everyone, from millionaire owner to silver-ring punter, demands stipendiary stewards, then the Jockey Club will suddenly find unsuspected virtues in the proposal—and give way.

The obvious criticisms of stipendiary stewards, of course, are that they will cost too much money, and that they will tend to become autocratic officials—a sort of secret racecourse police—eager to justify their existence by finding evil where none exists.

Suspicion killed

The first objection will not hold water. Stipendiary stewards would move on from one meeting to the next. Exactly how many were required to invigilate at all meetings would require careful calculation. But it would only be two or three dozen.

The salaries of this body would certainly tot up to a formidable annual total. But their services would certainly add to the takings on every racecourse, and so they would enrich rather than impoverish racecourse companies.

If the public suspects that any sport is not 100 per cent. fair and square it patronises that sport in shrinking numbers. This suspicion certainly exists concerning some races and meetings. The stipendiary steward would kill the suspicion; and therefore increase racing's popularity.

The second objection against stipendiary stewards is also not very formidable. England certainly loves amateur officials. We cling to amateur magistrates in the counties, to amateur umpires in village cricket, to amateur referees in club football.

But big towns have their stipendiary magistrates, county cricket its paid umpires, Cup Finals their paid referees. Sport, like life, has grown too specialised and complex for amateurs to handle.

Paid judges in other sports are as fair and free as amateurs. So there is absolutely no reason why the stipendiary steward should grow autocratic on the racecourse.

Wake up!

The Jockey Club must wake up, rub its eyes, and realise that the comfortable old days are gone—never to return. If it really means to control racing, to keep racing clean, and to maintain—or even increase—the public enthusiasm for racing, the stipendiary steward is a necessity.

Appetising

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Mrs. C. Barnes, 32, Grove Hill, South Woodford.

The Winners of the 100-£2 Prizes and of the 150-£1 Prizes, have been notified direct (complete list of Winners supplied on application).

Cheques have been posted to the Prize Winners, and a Consolation Prize has been forwarded to each unsuccessful Competitor whose "entry points" are eligible towards one of the Sunripe Free Gifts.

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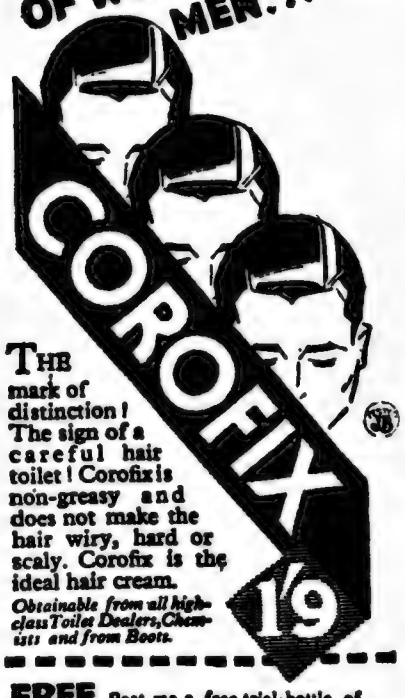
ON THE HEADS OF WELL GROOMED MEN.....



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Dangerous BEAUTY-PARLOUR SURGEONS

"Gullible women, blinded by vanity, have a pathetic faith in any 'cure' that is expensive"

ANYTHING of beauty is said to be a joy for ever, but, unfortunately, all the products of Nature are not in the top-drawer class. And even many that are do not stay the course of Time, the great Healer, as well as they might.

Hence the Brotherhood of Beauty Surgeons.

The modern beauty surgeon is a man of infinite variety and many parts. He comes of an old stock. He is cousin to the black specialist who operates a large practice in the African bush.

He is own brother to the rustic practitioner buried in the mists of time who hung lizards' tails round the slim necks of village maidens to ward off the assaults of smallpox.

Ancient Egypt paid a lot of money to him, and many misguided Babylonian grannies regularly visited his parlour.

Of course, his methods have progressed considerably since those days, but his results—sadly we must record it—are no longer seen, but felt.

Nowadays a needle capable of administering 650 jabs a minute can transform a pair of drab-coloured lips into a violent shade of cherry-red for five and ten guineas a time.

At the same price, the same needle can turn a pair of yellow eyelids into a Pola Negri effect—misty blue conveying a hint of desperate passion, guaranteed to cause excessive devastation among male hearts for at least ten years.

The trick is done by tattooing, the ancient art which makes our sailors' arms and chests so beautiful.

The beauty patient receives no anæsthetic. She—and, oh dear, he as well!—bears the perforations with Spartan fortitude without even smelling-salts in the offing to steel the heart against agony.

But this is one of the simplest practices of the brotherhood.

Faces that sag

It is a sad fact, but many of the faces which smiled when Queen Victoria drove past to her Jubilee service are showing a distinct tendency to sag in these nerve-racking days.

The beauty surgeon can, metaphorically speaking, put his shoulder under this sag and force it back to its right place on the face.

By making a slit where the hair meets the forehead or a slit behind the ears, he can lift the skin, give it a good shake to agitate the wrinkles and sew it back tight and smooth where it should belong.

The effect lasts ten years, although very heavy faces will possibly undo the good work before then by eating and talking—foolish human practices which those who value personal beauty should, presumably, avoid as much as possible.

A similar operation can be performed on those who worry about whether the Sunday joint will last till Wednesday or how the current income-tax is to be paid, and so get pouches under their eyes.

Some time ago these pouches were not lifted, but stuffed with paraffin. Naturally, it was only an experiment, and when the paraffin solidified and gave the patient a swollen-eyed effect—in some cases closed up his eyes completely—the beauty surgeon was the first to admit his error and send the patient to a real surgeon to have the paraffin removed by an expensive operation.

Sewn-in lashes

The beauty surgeon may be excessively rich, but he is not infallible. There is his eyelash operation, for example. All the world loves a good eyelash as it swishes upwards and sideways in its daily task.

But whether it is the busy moth or what, sometimes eyelashes will shed themselves like autumn leaves.

The remedy for this is to have false eyelashes *sewn* into the lid of the eye. As there is no import or export trade in human eyelashes, artificial hairs are used.

Tattooed Blushes for Granny

This is a distinct drawback in many ways. Sometimes they irritate the eye and cause disease in that delicate organ. Eventually they fall out, leaving a bald effect and a small hole in the eyelid.

Eyebrows are much easier to beautify. They can be plucked, leaving an arched remainder to captivate and conquer. And, like the cheeks, they can be tinted to alluring shades.

Fat cut away

And now we come to the profound art of slimming. This is a radical operation, which demands that large slices of superfluous tissue be cut away by the knife and the skin sewn up again.

One clever surgeon in Paris has invented a specially shaped knife for this operation, and he is said to wield it with great dexterity.

Needless to say, the charge for slimming is most exorbitant, and the most proficient surgeons will not undertake the task because professional self-respect forbids.

But there is said to be a famous London doctor who makes a very fat living out of treating the failures of the Mayfair beauty-parlours. In fact, the work represents his entire practice.

Finally, there is the nose. The nose is often the most rebellious organ possessed by human beings. It is said to indicate character. But there are those who prefer a retroussé nose, and to obliterate revelations of their descent so brazenly displayed in the natural article.

In many respects operations to improve the nose are successful, and this is mainly owing to the fact that much work was done in this direction by Army surgeons in the war to guide the modern operators. Tragically shattered faces were restored, and the work deserves the highest praise from all of us.

But looks destroyed or marred by war come into another category. The work is not to be compared with that which daily causes stupid women and men to spend fortunes to achieve a result gratifying only to their own vanity.

We are willing to admit that there are a few genuine beauty surgeons and that they accomplish successful operations which, even if they are not permanent, are satisfactory.

But the vast sums of money spent out of all proportion to the value of services rendered, is a sufficient illustration of the fact that the greater part of the beauty surgeon's patients are stupid, idle people, whose physical appearance is a matter of no importance to anyone—except their friends.

We can only note with contempt the modern craze for beauty at all costs. The spread of beauty-parlours throughout the country will increase the practice of the quack, who is, not unexpectedly, to be found in overwhelming numbers in this growing "profession."

Sham potions

The word "health" is never mentioned in the beauty-parlour. Lost youth is restored with sham potions and lotions and the knife and the needle for those silly enough and able to afford it.

It is a distressing fact that gullible men and women, blinded by vanity, have a pathetic faith in any "cure" that is expensive.

The Socks on the SUNDIAL

"BAH!" thundered Prince Charming. "You, a princess, darning socks in the middle of my lawn! I won't have it. . ."

Now read a really funny and up-to-date fairy-tale — "Mrs. Cinderella," by Will Scott—one of fifteen stories with a new twist which you will find in JOHN BULL'S *Christmas Holiday Annual*, on sale Friday, November 8.

Hector Hutt has written a ghost story which really makes your flesh creep; Anthony Grey gives you an old-fashioned Christmas tale replete with log fire, suits of armour and a wide oak staircase.

Heath Robinson, Gilbert Wilkinson, Bachelor, Will Owen and other famous artists tickle your funny-bone with joke drawings and illustrations.

Christmas starts on November 8. Be sure to get JOHN BULL'S *Christmas Holiday Annual;* 68 pages for sixpence.

The COMMON SENSE Way to Treat COLDS

INHALATION: In a teacup of boiling water, float about half a teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Breathe the gentle, healing vapour by cupping your hands or by using a small funnel. Repeat frequently with fresh Mentholatum.

CHEST RUBBING: Before going to bed, massage the whole chest and throat thoroughly with Mentholatum. Use about half a pot. Remember, rubbing is half the treatment. Cover the chest with a piece of hot flannel.

NOSE APPLICATION: With your finger, apply Mentholatum to the inside of your nose, and to the outer edges. Rubbing Mentholatum over the entire outside of the nose is very helpful. Notice the cool, soothing effect—and how easily you can breathe.

For Free Book on Colds fill in and post the Coupon below

Mentholatum

THE WORLD'S QUICKEST HEALER

Sold by all Chemists at 1/3 per pot. Treble size 2/6.

USE COUPON TO-DAY FOR FREE BOOK ON COLDS.

Address: Mentholatum Co., Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

"How to get rid of Colds" is an interesting little book written by a prominent Physician. The book is free.

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SHINY NOSES

Why French women do not have them

In France one constantly hears visitors ask, "Why is it that French women do not have shiny noses?" Very few do—only those who still use the old-fashioned face powders. The great majority of French women nowadays either blend a little mousse of cream with their face powder or they use Poudre Tokalon (in which Mousse of Cream is blended by a patented process) which completely does away with shiny noses. Tokalon Compacts—both powder and rouge—in fashionably thin gilt cases also contain the mousse of cream which makes both powder and rouge extremely adherent. 1/- a box. Compacts 1/3.

Build up your Strength with Hall's Wine

You need health and strength more than ever now to face the trying days of Autumn and Winter. Take Hall's Wine; it will build you up and keep you well. There's no other tonic that will put new life into you like Hall's Wine.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

Large Bottle 5/6 Smaller Size 3/3

Of all Wine Merchants, and Licensed Grocers and Chemists. ..854

"HUNDREDS COME TO ME FOR Nonn" Says this Chemist "MEN AND WOMEN SEEKING HEALTH -IN Nonn THEY FIND IT!"

WHAT this chemist says is what every chemist in the country is saying to-day:—*Nonn has become the national remedy for every ill and ailment of the nervous system.*

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Every day you can read in your newspaper of the wonders of gland treatment — treatment which is literally *ridding the world of physical and nervous disease.* Nonn is gland treatment for the nervous system—it is the scientific form of Nature's gland nourishment for the nerves. Intelligent men and women *know* that the reign of nervous ills is at an end and that Nonn is bringing *a new world* of perfect nerve health.

The Folly of Drugs *versus* The Wisdom of Nature.

Read this Doctor's Warning.

"The unfortunate and widespread habit of drug taking has reached such an acute stage that it is surely time we should unite in order to lessen what may become a national curse."

Drugs with their harmful effects belong to the past. Nonn is entirely free from drugs—it is the remedy of the present and the future! Just as drugs are a national curse, so Nonn is a national blessing—raising the nation out of the bondage of "nerves" into the permanent and wholesome health of Nature!

Complete Obedience to Nature's Own Laws.

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Nonn is bringing vigorous health to millions of exhausted nervous systems *without drugs, without narcotics!* We can show you testimony from men and women in every walk of life. But you must take Nonn YOURSELF and let it prove *in your own case*, the wonderful benefits to be derived.

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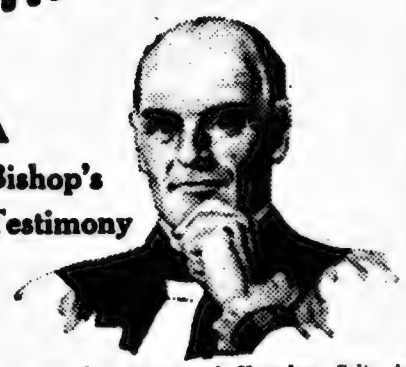
Rheumatism



A Bishop's Testimony

The amazing success of Kruschen Salts in banishing the pains of rheumatism has brought us hundreds of letters from gratified users all over the world. The latest comes from a well-known Bishop. Could any testimony be entitled to greater respect? This high dignitary writes:—

"*I use Kruschen Salts for two purposes—to ward off recurrent attacks of rheumatism and against Constipation. I have now no trouble in either direction since I began your daily doses, and I could not do without them.*"

Asked if he had any objections to his remarks being published, the Bishop replied: "*You may publish the text of my letter—but not my name.*"

Do you realise what causes rheumatism? Nothing but sharp-edged uric acid crystals. The six salts in Kruschen are bound to dissolve away all traces of uric acid. And more! They ensure such perfect internal regularity that no such body poisons as uric acid are ever able to accumulate again.

Tasteless in Tea.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

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Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Get a bottle to-day.

BLANFORD'S GREAT TAILORING OFFER!

SMART MELTON OVERCOAT for 2/-

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Specially selected double bodied, woollen Blue Melton Cloth. Guaranteed fast dyes. Also in Grey and Brown. Double-breasted Coat fine tailored lapels, velvet pockets, Silk-sateen lined. Stylish West-end cut, finished with character. Perfectly tailored winter coat. Price 49/6

We are pioneers of better quality, individual, man-tailored ready-to-wear clothing.

Send your height and chest measure, and we guarantee to fit you. Don't examine small patterns of cloth, but the actual Coat we send you on approval. If you are not satisfied, we will gladly return your deposit. Send 2/- (no further payment required until you have had the coat one month), and agree to pay 5/- per month. Special terms arranged for customers who already have an account with us.

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Dept. J.B.F.

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Did She Cause Her Step-father's SUICIDE?

MY mother was left a widow with three children, of whom I was the eldest.

Although I had a dearly beloved sweetheart in my own town, when I heard of a situation in London I took it in order to help mother.

When mother married again I felt relieved, and my satisfaction was deepened by the fact that my step-father was a well-known member of a local chapel.

Soon afterwards I spent a holiday at home and found that my mother was very happy indeed.

But my younger sister, not yet seventeen, seemed restless and miserable, and she begged me to find her a situation in London. I spoke to my employer and eventually a place was found for her.

From the first, however, I could see that something was amiss, and at last I insisted that she should see a doctor. He told her that she was an expectant mother.

I demanded to know the name of her betrayer, and she told me it was the lover I had left behind.

For a time I thought I should go mad. But there was only one thing to do. I returned the engagement-ring with a brief note suggesting that he should pass it on to my sister and marry her as speedily as possible.

The letter I received in return was full of such indignation that I asked him to come to see me in the house of an elderly woman who had agreed to see my sister through her trouble.

He came, and for all of us it was a terrible interview. My sister stuck to her story. My lover protested his innocence.

The result was that he swore he would not stop in the country to be saddled with an infidelity he had never committed. He kept his word and emigrated to the States. I have never heard from him since.

A few weeks later my sister confessed that my step-father was the real sinner. Because she was so ashamed of the fact, and so fearful of getting again into his clutches, she had concocted the story against my lover to make her case seem less black.

Desperate, I left for home.

My step-father was in a mission-hall, and I waited for him to come out. Then I told him exactly what I thought of him.

The only words he spoke were to ask that, for this night at least, I should not tell mother. I agreed, and returned to town by another train without going home.

Next day I was informed by telegram that my step-father had been found drowned. It was thought that he had missed his footing in the darkness and had slipped into the canal.

Mother reveres his memory. Neither I nor my sister has undeceived her.

But I am now seized by terrible doubts. Am I, by my sudden upbraidings, responsible for his suicide? And is it my duty to tell mother the truth?

"HUMANIST" says: No. You are not responsible for the man's death. So there is no need to distress your mother. Let her remember him as a decent man.

But you owe an apology to your former lover, and your sister should try her utmost to put matters right with him.

HE NEEDS
a boy friend

WHILE I was nursing a woman in her confinement, I grew quite fond of the eldest boy in the family of six.

He was modest, helpful and obedient; altogether different from the younger ones, who were unruly and spoiled.

Yet never once during my stay did I hear one word of kindness or encouragement given to the boy. On the contrary, he was always being snubbed.

The boy's response to my friendliness was pathetically eager. He told me he was not a son of the house, but the child of my patient's dead sister. Some provision had been made for him by his mother before her death. Her savings will be handed over when he reaches the age of twenty-one, until which time he must remain with his aunt.

My chief worry is to know that he will not remain. He has confided to me that at the first opportunity he will run away and go to sea.

He is growing thoroughly embittered.

Is there anything that I, an outsider, can do for this motherless lad?

"HUMANIST" says: Having won the lad's confidence, you are no longer an outsider, but a friend able to give him the sympathy he is missing elsewhere.

Use your influence to encourage him to join a boys' club or a scout troop, where he will meet fellows capable of sizing up his capabilities and setting his feet in the right way.

BRUTAL FATHER'S
unnatural p ..posal

AS the eldest of three girls, I was taken from school to look after the home when my mother died.

For awhile the new arrangement answered fairly well. My father gave me enough housekeeping money or otherwise paid the bills for necessities when they came in.

Then he gave me less and less, and said that if I wanted more money I should do as other girls did, and earn it.

Asked how, he did not answer, but only looked at me very queerly.

Then he began to bring home men and leave them with me in the evening. The horror of the thing was apparent both in their looks and words and in the familiarities they attempted even with my younger sisters.

I kept my head and managed to evade the implications of their behaviour, when, seething with shame and indignation, I told my father of this behaviour.

He flew into a violent passion and told me I was merely a prudish fool neglecting a good source of income.

Stunned with misery, I told him that for the sake of my young sisters, if for no other consideration, I should inform others of his plans for our degradation.

In a cold voice of deadly anger, he said that if I did my life would not be worth a moment's purchase. By now I fear him so much that I believe him quite capable of carrying out this threat or seeing that it is accomplished.

He still brings undesirable characters to the house, so that I am literally at my wits' end what to do.

"HUMANIST" says: Go to the inspector at the nearest police-station next time you are out shopping. He will arrange for a woman official to be sent to the rescue of your young sisters.

When they are safeguarded, you will be able to find a situation for yourself far from your father's influence. Do not fear his threats. The police know how to deal with such cads.

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

Football Forecasts by

PROPHET JOCK RUTHERFORD

Matches played on November 2

ENGLISH LEAGUE.—Division I.
ARSENAL v. West Ham.
ASTON VILLA v. Manchester United.
BOLTON v. Sheffield United.
BURNLEY v. Birmingham.
DERBY C. v. Blackburn Rovers.
EVERTON v. Newcastle.
LEEDS UNITED v. Grimsby Town.
MANCHESTER C. v. Middlesbrough.
Portsmouth v. Liverpool.
Sheffield Wed. v. Leicester City.
Sunderland v. HUDDERSFIELD.

Division II.
BRADFORD CITY v. Southampton.
BRISTOL CITY v. Barnsley.
Cardiff City v. West Bromwich.
CHARLTON v. Chelsea.
HULL CITY v. Notts Forest.
Notts County v. Blackpool.
PRESTON NORTH END v. Bradford.
Reading v. BURY.
Stoke City v. Oldham.
SWANSEA v. Tottenham Hotspur.
WOLVERHAMPTON W. v. Millwall.

Division III. (South).
BOURNEMOUTH v. Torquay United.
CRYSTAL PALACE v. Brentford.
Exeter City v. Swindon Town.
FULHAM v. Coventry City.
GILLINGHAM v. Bristol Rovers.
LUTON TOWN v. Merthyr Town.
NORTHAMPTON v. Brighton and Hove.
Norwich City v. CLAPTON ORIENT.
QUEEN'S PK. RANGERS v. Watford.
Southend United v. PLYMOUTH A.
WALSALL v. Newport County.

Division III. (North).
ACCRINGTON v. Barrow.
CHESTERFIELD v. Nelson.
DARLINGTON v. Wrexham.
DONCASTER R. v. Carlisle U.
HALIFAX TOWN v. York City.
HARTLEPOOLS v. Wigan Borough.
LINCOLN CITY v. Southport.
ROCHDALE v. New Brighton.
Rotherham U. v. Stockport C.
South Shields v. PORT VALE.
TRANMERE R. v. Crewe A.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Division I.
AIRDRIEONIANS v. Ayr United.
CELTIC v. Hibernians.
Cowdenbeath v. GLASGOW R.
DUNDEE v. Clyde.
HEARTS v. Hamilton Academicals.
Kilmarnock v. Aberdeen.
MOTHERWELL v. Dundee United.
PARTICK THISTLE v. Falkirk.
QUEEN'S PARK v. Morton.
St. Johnstone v. St. Mirren.

Division II.
Alloa v. THIRD LANARK.
Arbroath v. RAITH ROVERS.
ARMADALE v. Brechin City.
Clydebank v. Albion Rovers.
EAST FIFE v. King's Park.
EAST STIRLING v. St. Bernards.
FORFAR ATHLETIC v. Montrose.
LEITH ATHLETIC v. Bo'ness.
QUEEN OF SOUTH v. Dunfermline.
STENHOUSEMUIR v. Dumbarton.

Capital letters indicate team forecast to win. No distinction is made when a draw is expected.

MY SPECIAL SELECTIONS

SIX HOME WINNERS.—Aston Villa; Leeds United; Wolverhampton; Tranmere Rovers; Darlington; Celtic.
TWO AWAY WINNERS.—Glasgow Rangers; Bury.
FOUR DRAWS.—Stoke v. Oldham; Rotherham v. Stockport; Kilmarnock v. Aberdeen; St. Johnstone v. St. Mirren.

"I never change because they never change."

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

NAVY CUT

CIGARETTES

Plain or Cork-Tipped.

RHEUMATISM

STOP PAIN - USE SLOAN'S

The great handicap of muscular Rheumatism and the distressing discomfort of pain can be overcome with Sloan's Liniment. Thousands of men and women have proved this for themselves. You can do the same. Get a bottle now. Apply Sloan's lightly to the painful muscle or joint. Instantly you feel its warming, soothing action and soon your pain dies away. Always keep a bottle handy.

Use Sloan's for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Backache, Sprains, Bruises and for all Muscular Pains.

Mrs. Baker, 35, Portway, West Ham, London, writes :—" Having suffered from Rheumatism for ten years, I have tried several remedies but find Sloan's is the only thing which gives me relief. I always keep a bottle by me."

Of Chemists and Stores 2/- and 4/-

SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

Catarrh BRONCHITIS, ADENOIDS, TONSILS &c.

can be successfully treated at home by my method. Allow no operations on nose or throat before reading my booklet—sent free. Enclose 1½d. for postage. Consultations daily. 'Phone Holborn 2198. Advice by post.

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Are You Afraid of Looking Old?

TRY THIS AMAZING BEAUTY RECIPE.

£1,000 GUARANTEE.

Fear! That terrible feeling when your mirror tells you that your face is beginning to show lines and wrinkles. A startling discovery of modern science has revealed how one can quickly be rid of complexion defects and signs of age—make wrinkles disappear, round out sunken cheeks and make them fresh, firm and beautiful. Eminent medical professors have proved that the skin can absorb certain specially prepared foods—fresh cream and predigested olive oil combined with emulsified egg yolk and vegetable extracts—which are transformed by the blood into living cells and tissues. Crème Tokalon Skinfood, Rose Colour, made in Paris, is enjoying a tremendous vogue in France. We are now able to offer this astonishing discovery to British women. It is guaranteed under a forfeit of £1,000 to contain the highly nourishing food ingredients which specialists say your skin must have to keep it fresh, firm and free from wrinkles. A woman of 50 may now look 30 and obtain a complexion which, by reason of its soft, smooth loveliness, will be the admiration and envy of all her friends. Crème Tokalon Skinfood feeds the skin, makes the tissues firm, tones the muscles, prevents them from sagging and restores the softly rounded contour of youth. It will refresh and revive the skin almost beyond belief even in one night and give you a new and beautiful complexion in twenty-eight days. Successful results guaranteed or your money refunded.

Crème Tokalon Skinfoods:—Rose Colour for night use, 1/3; White (Vanishing, non-greasy), 1/-. Ask for them by the full name.

6/- WITH ORDER

THIS lovely Winter Coat in fine quality Faced Cloth with Beaver Coney Collar and Cuffs is beautifully tailored and finished.

On Easy Terms. PRICE: 45/-

'WISH' This is the very latest fashion in Winter Wraps, and it is as good in Quality and Make as it is in appearance. Produced in fine quality Faced Cloth, it is trimmed with bolster collar and sumptuous new-shaped cuffs of Beaver Coney Fur, and richly lined with handsome artificial silk brocade. The sides are slightly shaped and trimmed with smartly designed side panels with pieces of self-materials reversed and neatly inlaid. Knife pleats trim either side from the hips downwards.

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Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W. and O.S. Lengths: 36 to 46ins. Price 45/-

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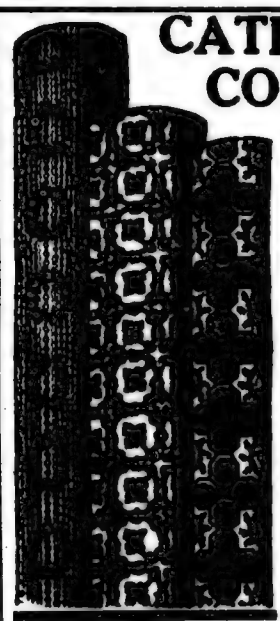

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From H. G. Wells' preface.

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Our Letter Parliament

If I Led the OPPOSITION

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, November 5.

What Russia Means to Me

SPEAKING to the members of my Party, I should say: Gentlemen, the Socialists have already proved that they are as capable of ruling as any other Party. "Jix" has told us that they have only been carrying out Conservative ideals, and, taking this for granted, why should we oppose them?

Let us forget Party for awhile, and, remembering that we are representatives of the British people, consider our opponents' proposals always with that fact in mind.

Let each Member vote according to his conscience, and, God granting that some of us may possess a conscience, what is there to stop us from getting something done? — *Socconlib, Manchester.*

Solved!

I should hammer at the Government until it either produced a cure for unemployment or resigned. In the event of its having no cure, I would move a vote of censure and form a Government myself.

My war-cry would be "Tax the land," for I believe that locked in the bosom of mother earth is the solution, not only of unemployment, but of all the economic ills from which we suffer.—*W. Leece, Everton.*

Share the Profits!

I should immediately challenge the Government to introduce a measure of general profit-sharing in industries.

Such a policy would profoundly alter the character of trade unions by making them more peaceful institutions, engaged exclusively in promoting the social welfare of the workers and the prosperity of British industries.

Trade unions would then resemble the Manufacturers' Associations, Employers' Associations and Chambers of Commerce, with which they would work hand in hand.

Socialism, Syndicalism, Communism and Nationalisation would lose their attractiveness. — *W. M. Malcolm, Waterloo.*

Young and Fresh

I should push forward the young men around me and bring their fresh intellects to the disarmament problem.

They, having seen war in all its stark terror, would back me wholeheartedly in a firm support of all peace and disarmament proposals.

I would also use every endeavour to force the Government to consider new laws dealing with coroners' inquests, with mental homes and lunacy laws, and with slum clearance.—*F. C., Ezbury.*

Give 'Em Rope

The Government's official pamphlet, "Labour and the Nation," shows that it is intended to carry the Budget to well over the £1,000,000,000 mark.

That admission, together with the undisputed truth that all burdens eventually fall on industry, and the self-confessed helplessness of the Government in face of unemployment, convinces me that, as the Opposition leader, I need not worry about defeating the Government.

Given rope, the Government will hang itself, after strangling industry.—*Big Ben, N. Wales.*

Sobered

I should face the fact that up to the present the Government has done very well. I would refrain from captious criticism, and endeavour to ensure its retention of office for the full term of five years.

I should do this for two reasons: To give my own Party a fighting chance when the General Election comes, and to make sure that the Labour Party was so thoroughly seasoned by the responsibilities of office that there would be no longer any danger of its resorting to wild-cat legislation, and consequently no obstacle, apart from Party ties, to its being accepted confidently as the alternative Government.—*R. T. French, E. Kilbride.*

Pure Brew

I should endeavour to secure the passage of a Pure Drink Bill and the abolition of the "tied-house" system.

I believe that purer drink would be infinitely more satisfying, and as against a possible reduction in revenue (consequent upon lessened consumption) there would probably be a diminution of misery and more money available for normally beneficial purposes.

Whilst it is true, of course, that it is the abuse of alcohol which causes suffering and crime, one feels confident that a Pure Drink Bill would produce undreamt-of improvements.—*"Finem Respice," Liverpool.*

Humble Pie

I should lead shamefacedly, if behind me I had a record of crass incompetence in the nation's service, or of callous indifference to the people's vital needs.

If I had frittered away the most glorious opportunity ever offered in political history to a Briton to uplift the race from the mire of distress, I am afraid I should eat humble pie.

If my Party, smug in its numerical superiority, had defied the popular voice for years and spurned the pleas of suffering humanity, I fear I should be of a "retiring" disposition.—*"If," Angus.*

Iron Gluttons

Why, I should ask the Government, is nothing being done to make the best use of our canal system?

English waterways have fallen into disuse simply because the railway companies (who control one-third of the canals) have ever sought to divert traffic to the iron road; and many of the embarrassments of railway finance to-day are the result of their trying to grab our whole inland carrying trade.

The effect has been to paralyse the non-controlled canal systems as well. Private companies owning strips of canal could not tender for through journeys like railways, and had to depend on local trade.—*R. Delamere, Liverpool.*

Broken Pledges

My speech: "These promised plans for effectively dealing with unemployment, gentlemen, if you please! Months have gone by since you gave pledges which sent you here; the workless are increased by nearly 50,000 since you took office; and dread winter is fast approaching.

"The country, sick of expedients and palliatives, is looking to you to honour the pledges by action. In this you will find no opposition. Produce the plans, and, for our country's good, let us prove ourselves statesmen."—*A., Birmingham.*

* * *

I SHOULD . . .

Urge for the protection of the poor man's grate in zero times.—*J. J. Moran, Aberdeen.*

Oppose secret diplomacy, Bank of England autocracy, and long Parliamentary vacations.—*T. E. Kerr, Manchester.*

Want to know what steps the Government is taking to prevent such a tragedy as left Pembroke Dock a poverty-stricken town.—*David Thomas, Glam.*

Launch a campaign to link the consumer closer with the fisherman and the farmer.—*A. D., London, S.W.*

Bring in a Bill making it easier for the unemployed to obtain small holdings and loan them money from the banks.—*W. Wilkinson, Clitheroe.*

Rather spend money in bringing brightness into the lives of the battered hulks of humanity than on costly battleships which become battered hulks in a few years.—*Donald Mathieson, Blantyre.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Another BLACK-and-WHITE

LORD DERBY'S sideboard must be literally groaning with race-cups. At Liverpool, where the locals blindly follow the famous black-and-white colours, about a score have been added to his collection, and another, I think, will come his way next week at the autumn fixture.

According to my information, the Stanley House "pea" for the Cup race will be Flittemere.

This improving three-year-old should annex the trophy on the score of breeding alone, but she also possesses exceptional racing merit. The filly is by Buchan, second in the Derby of 1919, and Keysoe, Lord Derby's St. Leger winner of the same year.

With Tommy Weston in the saddle, I rank Flittemere as "extra."

Another popular attraction at Aintree is the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, so often spoken of as the first rehearsal for the Grand National, although the same horse never wins both races.

A year or so back I put JOHN BULL readers on to Grecian Wave for the "Sefton." This time I am going for Creebrae.

Creebrae comes from McGuigan's clever little stable at Ayr. He fences like a cat and is very speedy. The ten-year-old is fit, which cannot be said of many of the entrants, and won at Perth. A. Tannock will probably ride.

Danger may come from the Welsh Grand National winner, Monduco. This jumper came from France and was originally known as Le Mont Du Cogl. Besides improving his charge's name and yet leaving a little bit of the old, Percy Woodland has speeded him up.

My best for "Ally Pally" is Break of Day. Yutrill beat him over the course in the London Cup, but, on the altered terms, Lord Dewar's colt should have his revenge.

JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 31, to Wednesday, November 6, and will then be revised.

Q	N	T	U	A	S	3	2	E	F	W	D	P	Y	C											
R	Z	L	H	I	9	K	O	J	M	V	G	X	B	5											

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. ILUM2QG would read ATHFORD.

"SILVER RING."

INDIGESTION STOPPED in 5 minutes!

PRACTICALLY all forms of indigestion, from mildest flatulence to chronic dyspepsia are caused by excess stomach acid which puts up food fermentation, generates gas and attacks the delicate stomach lining. This distressing condition is quickly relieved by 'Bisurated' Magnesia which instantly neutralises excess acid and stops fermentation; the contents of the stomach are made sweet and digestible, the inflamed stomach lining is soothed and healed, and digestion proceeds without further hindrance or pain. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is used and recommended by doctors, nurses and hospitals the world over, and it will enable you to eat what you wish without fear of indigestion.

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

invaluable for INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, GASTRITIS, FLATULENCE, WIND HEARTBURN or ACIDITY

Keep Your Hair Neat and Smooth

ANZORA will subdue the most unruly hair . . . will keep it looking cool and calm all through the day.

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps, will not soil hat linings or pillows, and ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps, containing a little oil of violets, are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

ANZORA *Masters the Hair!*

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6.

DON'T HAVE COLDS

Use "Nostroline." It stops the Cold where it first attacks you—in the nose. "Nostroline" clears your head quickly and soon banishes all congestion and unsightly inflammation in the nose. Soothing and pleasant. Stops nasal discharge and enables you to breathe freely. 1/3 all chemists.

YOUR NOSE NEEDS "NOSTROLINE"

PLUVEX ROOF FELT

Best for all small but close, clean, neat easy to lay. No tearing, no 1 cable. Unequalled for quality. In rolls of 12 sq. yds. at 5/6. Heavy grade 6/-. Every roll guaranteed. Used other lines on concrete proverbs roll.

LASTS LONGEST! Of Ironmongers everywhere

The Reward of Saving is not only money-but peace of mind

THE BEST WAY of Saving is to buy Savings Certificates.

Advantages

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Purchase Price	16/-	£4	£8	£20	£40	£80
Value after 10 years	24/-	£6	£12	£30	£60	£120

50 per cent. profit in 10 years.

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Savings Associations, Post Offices & Banks sell them.

GAMAGES

"Popular" 2 & 3-Valve Wireless Sets

THE GAMAGE "POPULAR" 2-VALVE SET is the finest value in the Country. Many thousands of them have already been sold, and the hundreds of tributes that we get, as to the efficiency, volume and purity of tone is really amazing, considering the Set is priced at only £5 15 0.

Or delivered free on first of 12 Monthly Payments of **10/9**

The following is a brief specification of sets:—
Receiver in Oak Cabinet, Valves, Exide Accumulator, Ever-Ready High Tension and Grid Battery, Aerial Outfit, Amplion Cone Loud Speaker and full instructions for installation.

3-Valve Set delivered free on first of 12 monthly payments of 14s. CASH PRICE £7:10

These Wonderful Sets cannot be purchased otherwise.
Each set carries the Gamage Guarantee of satisfaction.

Complete Catalogue of Wireless Sets on Application.

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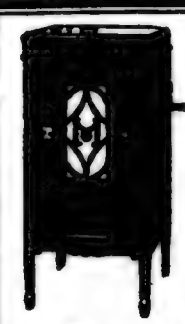
ZAM-BUK QUICKLY SOOTHES & HEALS

Ointment 1/3 Medicinal Soap 6d.



BIG VALUE

You may pay a bigger price but you can't get better value or more perfect tone than a Mead Gramophone can give you. Have one on

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Choice of 16 models from 27/6 Cash, or on Credit terms from 2/6 down.

Write for free Catalogue.

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37, Oxford St. London, W.1.
98, Vicar Lane, Leeds.
15, Renshaw St. Liverpool.

ON LEAVING SCHOOL AND THE CHOICE OF A CAREER

A momentous problem confronts every father and mother whose children are about to leave school. 'What shall we do with them?'

SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD

helps parents to solve their great problem in the pages of his admirable and far-sighted book, 'On Leaving School.' Out of the storehouse of his great experience and understanding of present-day conditions and the needs of the future, the author has provided a true 'guide, philosopher and friend'

9TH EDITION. 3/6 NET
HODDER & STOUGHTON

Are You Losing Hair—or Bald?

Do you know that when the hair falls out, or comes out on the comb, the roots DO NOT come out also? They remain in the scalp, and in very many cases can be invigorated and aided to grow new hair again even after a long time, by using Kotalko.

Mr. A. Brown, of Hackney, is but one of the big legions of users of Kotalko who has proved this to be true.

"This time last year," he states, "I was completely bald My hair had fallen out in patches, and even medical treatment failed to arrest the baldness. Finally, I had not a hair on my head

"I then used Kotalko and the results have been amazing. My friends marvel at the complete new hair growth which was brought on by the use of Kotalko."

Test-Box Coupon

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
2, Percy Street (53 P.B.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name .....

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.....

VAPEX INHALANT

The Simple, Safe, Speedy Cold Cure

Simply put a drop on the handkerchief and breathe the vapour. Perfectly safe—"Vapex" acts as a gentle stimulant to the respiratory system. Wonderfully speedy because the vapour kills the germs which cause the trouble. The sooner "Vapex" is used the sooner will your cold disappear.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERSLEY & CO., LTD

Hit the nail on the head—

and win "John Bull's" £500 X-word

SEIZE this "striking" opportunity of winning the big prize in "John Bull's" square and fair Crossword this week. The £500 must be won by simple crossword skill and may easily be yours if you will "screw" up your enthusiasm and "hammer" away at the clues. Don't "drive" it off too late; "nail" yourself down *now* to this fascinating and lucrative pastime.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form of "John Bull" Crossword No. 36 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity — no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry — entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), November 7th.

An extra £50 for runners up!

SOLUTION of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, NOV. 14th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, NOV. 21st. Result of "John Bull" X-Word No. 34 appears on page 12.

Closing Date, Thursday (noon), November 7th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 37

Entry Form "A."

37 JB.

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

37 JB.

CUT HERE. CUT HERE.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday noon) November 7th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Clues Across.

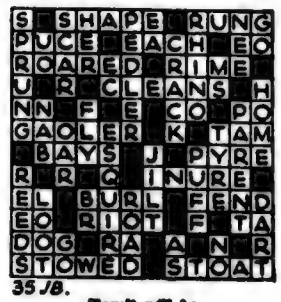
1. A pair.
4. Bird.
8. Perverter of the truth.
9. To throw a ball.
10. When most shops shut.
12. A vessel.
13. Slow ball at cricket.
15. Escape privately.
17. Mohammedan.
19. Finish.
21. Inland water.
24. Insane.
25. Upper end.
26. A shelf.
28. Spasmodically.
30. Yielded.
31. Sly look.
32. Happening.
33. You live on one.

Clues Down.

1. Noise.
2. Scheme.
3. Artist's stand.
5. Incursion.
6. Wrathfully.
7. Regard.
11. Widest part of a cask.
14. Volume.
16. A cushion.
18. Given off by a fire.
20. The present time.
22. Angler's haul.
23. Skilful.
25. Growing timber.
27. Range of knowledge.
29. Measure of length.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 35.



35 JB.

Result will be published next week.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 35 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

When you have completed this Crossword try a "Happy X-Word" in "The Passing Show," Friday, 2d. £100 First Prize, £25 for runners-up. Three attempts for your 6d.

Read these Rules and Conditions carefully

1. Fill in puzzle in next column IN ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink-pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to: "John Bull," Crosswords (No. 37), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.) so as to reach us not later than noon, on Thursday, November 7th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed —/& Co./, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. **No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.**

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, November 21st.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, **Tuesday, November 26th**, after which date the prize-money will be dispatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Lifts on

LIFE'S ONE-WAY

"LIFE is a one-way street and you are not coming back," said Lord Dewar recently.

These are startling words, and make one wonder if one's progress along life's way has been a hindrance or a blessing to others.

Probably many of us don't know.

"... you are not coming back"

It is certainly true that many contributors to "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund do not realise the blessings they shower on other wayfarers.

Here are a few sentences from recent letters of thanks, which will give them an inkling of the good they do:

"Thank you for your kindness in sending us what you did. I am more than grateful, because on Friday we had no bread in the house, but thank God for your kindness. My children were bootless, and I bought them boots. . . ."

"I received the money, and I must thank you very much for your kindness to me and my children. I was without coal."

"Accept my heartfelt gratitude for your kind assistance in time of sickness and trouble."

"God alone knows how glad I was of the money. It saved my little home from going, and you may be sure you have made another family very happy. God bless JOHN BULL."

"God bless the fund's subscribers," it should be.

But the fund needs better support.

If all our readers made up their minds to subscribe, what a royal progress the fund would enjoy helping others along life's one-way!

"The Greatest of These —"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

K. W. (Another Catholic), 2s. 6d.; F. J. Spary (In Memoriam), £1; Minetonka, 2s.; 'Arriet and 'Liza, 3s.; A British Workman, 10s.; Anon., 10s.; Hope, 2s. 6d.; James Bacon, 2s. 6d.; Nicotine, £1 1s.; M. S., 1s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Anon. (Fishponds), 15s.; Unlucky Mollie, 1s. 1d.; Naomie, 3s.; A. B. A. W. (Swansea), 2s. 6d.; W. Holden (Highbury), 2s. 6d.; V. I. L. S., 1s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Reading), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Glasgow), 2s.; Grateful Heart (Dundee), 2s.; Pimple, 2s.; R. and P., 5s.; Inasmuch, £1; Elizabeth McGeown and Staff, 6s.; O. Northop, 2s. 6d.; Procession, 1s.; J. W. T. (Woolwich), 6d.; Mrs. E. Wilson (Bootle), 6d.; B. D. V., 4s. 6d.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 2s.; R. G. (Southgate), 5s.; A. Believer in Prayer, 5s.; Mistake, 2s. 6d.; Ashover (Chesterfield), 1s.; H. Oliver (Bath), 6d.; Aberdonian, 1s.; A Pontrhydyour Baptist, 2s.; E. H., 6d.; A. Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Radcliffe), 2s. 6d.; A. McLay (Grangemouth), 5s.; "?," 1s. 4d.; Anon. (Reading), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Hilda Bowers (Rochdale), 2s.; C. Andrews (Khartoum, Sudan), 1s.; Mrs. F. E. McCrorie, 1s.; F. J. Ireland, 1s.; Mary Thompson, 5s.; A Winner M. H., £1; Exonian, 1s. 6d.; Billie, 4½d.; J. S. M. (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.; A Reader of JOHN BULL, 2s. 6d.; G. M. S., 1s.; Mr. A. Walmsley (Blackburn), 2s. 9d.; Mrs. A. Kearsey, 1s.; Mr. W. Yeadon, 6d.; Mrs. Barber, 6d.; Patrick Mulbern, 6d.; A Mite, 6d.; E. A. Tomser (St. Leonards), 6d.; Henry Horn (Monkseaton), 5s.; Mrs. M. G. Herron, 1s.; Anon. (Hillcrest), 1s.; Southend Nurse and Prittlewell, 3s. 3d.; Pip, 1s.; In Memory of Sam, 5s.; E. B. (Bolton), 6d.; R. B., 6d.; Unjust Debt, 4s. 6d.; J. (Cheltenham), 5s.; R. M. E. (Ryde), 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. W. Boyd (Cheltenham), 2s. 6d.; A. Wills (Knowle, Bristol), 6d.; Mr. A. Mountstephen, 2s.; Grannie, 2s.; Mr. H. Harrison (Walton), 5s.; Ida Shortlands, 5s.; Miss L. Morris (Llanelly), 1s.; S. A. G., 1s.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne); 10s.; "?," 1s. 8½d.; Geo. Asquith (Horsforth), 2s. 6d.; Widow's Mite (Carrington), 1s.; Dollie Nilsen (Bath), 3s.; Mrs. A. A. J. Clarke (Four Oaks), 2s. 6d.; A Poor Woman, 2s.; Sympathy, 4s.; E. L. (Merthyr Tydfil), 1s.; Mr. W. H. Dunn (Barnstaple), 1s.; J. Sharp (Hendon, Sunderland), 4s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from A. M. Towers (Woodnesford); F. R. B. (Acton), "Ronnie of 299," "Flo's Man."

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

The Editor Replies

Jean (Dundee).—"How would you make a Swiss roll?" Take him to the top of an alp and give him a push.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

W. A. (Whitby).—"I don't believe in dreams." Did you marry one?

D. S. (Taunton).—"What is alimony?" An abbreviation for all-his-money.

G. N. (Leston).—"This is the age of the clever girl." But nobody knows the age of a clever girl.

B. N. (Edgware).—"Someone in the crowd had stolen my two-seater." Did you have everybody searched?

T. L. (Mortlake).—"The first thing an orator must learn is to speak up." It is even more important to sit down.

SPINSTER (Dangerfield).—"I could have married anybody I pleased." Perhaps you didn't please anybody.

G. S. (Kew).—"I smoked a cigar in your waiting-room." We know. You blistered the paint.

C. N. (Hove).—"I always read Shakespeare at breakfast." Bacon is our choice.

F. N. (Colindale).—"Do you remember me calling on you about three years ago?" No. Time is a great healer.

C. T. (Highgate).—"The weather doesn't agree with me." Are you a weather forecaster?

D. W. (Rugby).—"What makes some of our church spires lean?" Perhaps they want to be in the fashion.

BUNNY (New York).—"America makes other things than cars." Yes, we had a ride in one last week.

A. T. (Glasgow).—"Our milkman delivered warm milk this morning." He must have used the hot tap.

J. B. (Rugby).—"I suffer from a nervous complaint; could you send me a fiver for medical expenses?" Your nerve is excellent.

G. H. (Teddington).—"My wife drives me to distraction." You're lucky—that's the one thing most wives try to keep their husbands away from.

G. C. (Rochester).—"There has been another delay in the installation of my telephone." Your luck may hold out for a bit yet.

G. N. (Waterloo).—"I quarrelled with my mother-in-law, but now she is coming to live with us." Evidently she hasn't forgiven you.

P. B. (Dover).—"I never cash cheques. I wouldn't cash a cheque for a member of my own family." Well, you ought to know your own family.

G. M. (Horswell).—"Women beat the men in a tug-of-war competition here." Women are better at putting their feet down and refusing to budge.

A. W. (Braintree).—"I have not paid a penny in sickness in the last ten years." That's just what your doctor complained of.

C. H. (London, W.).—"America has instituted a £40,000 enquiry into the cause of the common cold." Oh, well, we suppose they can spend our money as they like.

GERTIE (Oldham).—"I do not want to be a film actress or go on the stage." Then there's nothing much left for a girl to do except go into Parliament or swim the Channel.

ASTRONOMER (Hendon).—"The discovery of new sunspots means little to the general public." Nevertheless, a girl becomes very agitated when she discovers new freckles on her nose.

J. S. (Willesden).—"Many people spend pounds at Christmas and never get happiness." Yet everyone could have a jolly time for 6d. if he bought the JOHN BULL *Christmas Annual*.

G. K. (Deal).—"How do you keep currency notes clean?" How do you keep currency notes?

F. K. (Boscombe).—"As soon as I saw her I knew she was a brick." Did she throw herself at your head?

P. F. (Grimsby).—"My wife and I have quarrelled over some letters." £ s. d., no doubt.

F. K. (Notting Hill).—"The corridors in London theatres are cold and draughty." Still, some of the plays have warm passages.

S. A. (London, N.).—"If I go to Brighton next week I shall not have time to send you any more poetry." We are forwarding your fare!

MRS. V. (Devonport).—"The milk is almost like cream, here in Devonshire." So is the Devonshire cream sold here in London.

C. E. (New York).—"What is the right time to dine at a fashionable London restaurant?" When you are not hungry.

D. H. (Ventnor).—"I'm out to make my marriage a success." Well, don't be out too much.

B. R. (Thame).—"I have entered for an angling competition." What is your reach?

B. O. (Bromyard).—"Women have a wonderful instinct for balance." Yes, a man's bank balance.

H. R. (Hove).—"I wouldn't go up in one of our large airships if had the chance." But there R 100's who would!

A. N. (Balham).—"She told me that she was a famous actress, but she isn't." The misleading lady.

A. T. (Swindon).—"Many a bachelor has been conquered by a neat shingle." Beaten by a short head, as it were.

J. K. (Luton).—"Pure milk is indigestible." Don't worry—most dairymen put that right.

E. G. (Bedford).—"I like a man with plenty of spirit." And a good corkscrew.

W. D. (Dorchester).—"My car is running very erratically lately." Perhaps there's a screw loose.

M. B. (Hampstead).—"You get thrown against all kinds of people when travelling." Particularly on the Tube.

W. P. (Harrogate).—"The waters are bitter here." Then we know where we'll go when Prohibition comes.

F. C. (Leith).—"All three Parties will be getting the bird before long." We're giving it to 220 parties this week. Have you seen page 39?

G. H. (Nuneham).—"My wife has given me a pull-over of a most atrocious colour. What shall I do with it?" Wash it out!

A. H. (Lincoln).—"Many famous discoverers have had red hair." One of them discovered the idea of calling it auburn.

O. C. (Widnes).—"Last night a juggler made a five-pound note disappear in the air." There are wives who make a five-pound note disappear in gas every quarter.

MRS. O. (Bridlington).—"Our maid uses a lot of firewood when she lights the fire." You are lucky. Our maid just uses a lot of firewood.

B. H. (Abergavenny).—"My wife saw a ghost in the bathroom last night." We suppose it made her go hot and cold all over.

J. D. (Ealing).—"Few women rate their husbands very high." But they often rate them at great length.

MRS. S. A. (Swindon).—"Eggs are more nutritious if they are boiled very gently." Kindness always pays.

V. R. N. (Manchester).—"Will fasting cure any sort of complaint?" If you fast long enough.

C. K. (Bristol).—"I always speak of a thing as I find it." Some people just put it quietly into a pocket.

MRS. A. W. (Ewell).—"I wouldn't be seen in one of these modern frocks." That is where you are mistaken.

C. M. (Warwick).—"A man has the right to open his wife's letters." Now all he needs is the courage.

MISS B. (Harringay).—"The modern girl makes a good mother." And a poor father.

H. P. (Bury).—"The schoolmaster caned my boy for some homework I did for him." It wasn't right.

D. H. (Grantham).—"I've just come back from my holiday and don't feel much like work." A holiday doesn't make much difference, does it?

B. L. (Birmingham).—"While motoring to the North recently I was robbed on the open road." We know those garages.

MISS C. (Cheltenham).—"I've always been exceptionally good at remembering dates of important events." Including the year you were born in?

GLADYS (Wrexham).—"What has become of the old-fashioned sash?" A couple of frocks have been made out of it.

AUTHOR (Chelsea).—"I sometimes take a week over one paragraph." Some people take years to complete a sentence.

N. H. (St. Albans).—"I gave my wife £5 and she went and bought a hat with the money." Does money always go to her head like that?

B. D. (Rugby).—"I see that a watch which winds itself is now on the market." You don't happen to have heard of a cat that puts itself in the wash-house?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Write to "John" Bull about it!

SIDE-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slip."

IDEAS (Advt.):—"Wanted, a thoroughly competent Flat, amid ideal surroundings by charming LADY WITH BALCONY."

SUNDAY POST:—"Hundreds of pounds' worth of food and FLOWERS had arrived—and there was not a single guest to EAT THEM."

THE GUIDE:—"Jo sprang to her feet after carefully removing the tear trace, and hastily tying her SMILE behind."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"One man drew a revolver, saying, 'If you make the smallest movement I will kill you on the spot. RETURN TO YOUR ROOM.'"

SUSSEX EXPRESS:—"Driving an EMPTY HORSE and cart."

"A PAINTED HORSE":—"Mrs. Marsden was a gentle little SPINSTER with a sad face."

TELEGRAPH:—"The German steamer reports that all the STEAMERS have been transferred to other SHIPS which are standing by."

"WOLVES OF MEXICO":—"He muttered something that was UNHEARD, but which SOUNDED VERY MUCH LIKE AN OATH."

GIRL'S MIRROR:—"Their FEET already HEARD the sound of music as they tripped along."

GRAND MAGAZINE:—"It was a new-looking place, with gardeners LOUNGING about the gardens as they WORKED DESPERATELY to get the grounds into shape."

VIOLET MAGAZINE:—"I cannot bring myself to believe until I hear it with my own VOICE."

Exide

Nine out of ten British ships use the Exide Battery for wireless

H.18

WHY HAVE INDIGESTION?

Serious stomach disease is one thing; disturbed digestion, due to disregard of Nature's laws is quite another, simple and avoidable. Pain after eating, nervous tremors in the stomach, flatulence, pains around the heart—these are all symptoms of indigestion.

Permanent relief can only be obtained in one way—by strengthening the digestive organs, and it has been proved over and over again that the best way to do this is to take Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills not only tone up the stomach—they contain valuable ingredients that impart vitality and life to the whole body.

Mr. A. Pycock, Junr., of 77, Asquith Street, Gainsborough, Lincs, states:—"Some time ago I suffered so severely from indigestion that the very thought of food was a nightmare to me. I became devoid of strength, could not concentrate on anything, and began to lose flesh. Doctor's medicine seemed to do me no good. I read about Dr. Williams' pink pills and decided to try them. I quickly felt the benefit. I began to enjoy my food and was soon able to eat anything. Now I have regained my lost flesh, and feel fit in every way."

FREE. "What to Eat," a booklet specially written for indigestion sufferers, will be sent free to all who write to C.G. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

100 TO 1

Experience has proved that the odds are 100-1 Neave's Food will make your baby sturdy and strong and free from the many ailments some children have.

In other words 99 Babies out of every 100 grow bonny on Neave's Food.

Neave's Food

On Sale everywhere

Cautions, **6d.** *Tins*, **1/8, 3/9.**

JOHN BULL'S Great Pen Offer

With every "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-filling Fountain Pen, "John Bull" will present to you absolutely FREE a magnificent 2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil, heavily plated, complete with refills and eraser. Send 6 coupons and P.O. for 4/- only, plus 3d. for postage and insurance.

Cash the Coupons

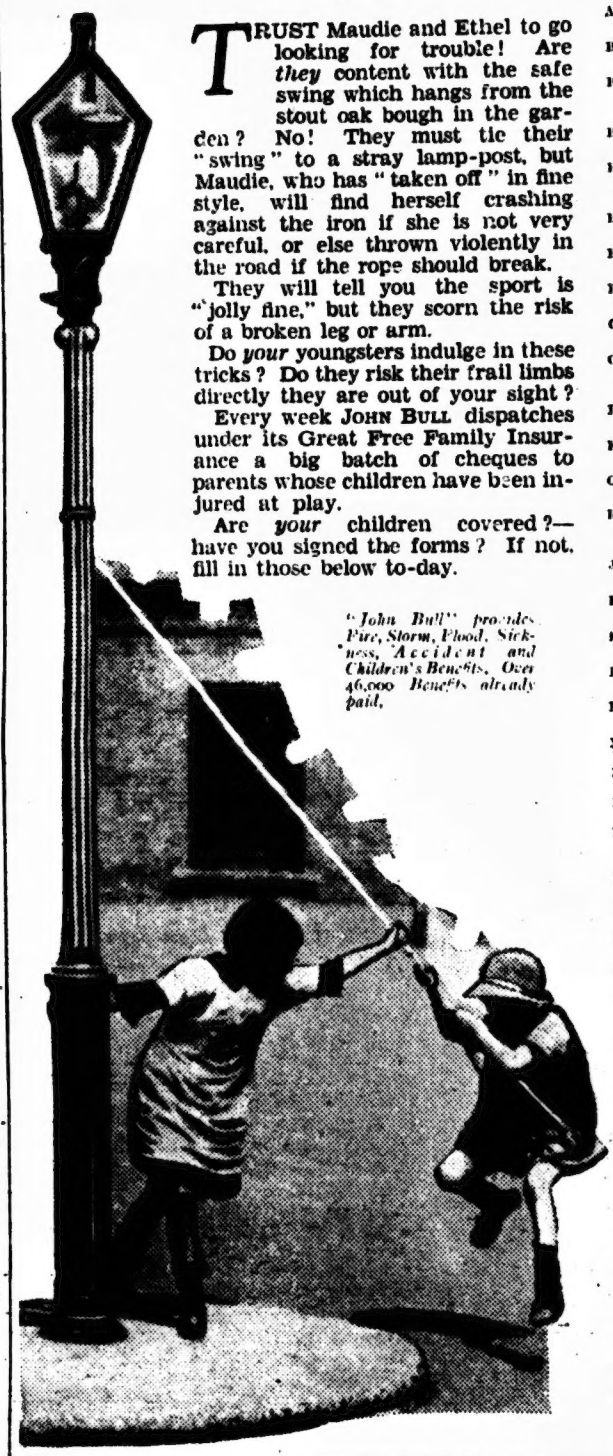
2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL FREE

JOHN BULL'S PEN COUPON

This Coupon will be accepted as 3d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (six in all) ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and P.O. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket clip 3d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheque/P.O. "& Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine- medium—broad nib. JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre London W.C.2. 2-11-29.

UP to their eyes in mischief!

Parents who are glad that they registered!



TRUST Maudie and Ethel to go looking for trouble! Are *they* content with the safe swing which hangs from the stout oak bough in the garden? No! They must tie their "swing" to a stray lamp-post, but Maudie, who has "taken off" in fine style, will find herself crashing against the iron if she is not very careful, or else thrown violently in the road if the rope should break.

They will tell you the sport is "jolly fine," but they scorn the risk of a broken leg or arm.

Do *your* youngsters indulge in these tricks? Do they risk their frail limbs directly they are out of your sight?

Every week JOHN BULL dispatches under its Great Free Family Insurance a big batch of cheques to parents whose children have been injured at play.

Are *your* children covered?—have you signed the forms? If not, fill in those below to-day.

"John Bull" provides Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident and Children's Benefits. Over 46,000 Benefits already paid.

We give below the names of a few readers only who have each received this week a cheque of £3 on account of Children's Accidents.

AIRDRIE.—Mr. W. Beattie, 10, Commonside Street.
BARGOED.—Mr. P. Clabby, 43, John Street.
BISHOP AUCKLAND.—Mr. H. Palmer, 16, Heap Row, Leasingthorne.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. C. Parker, 6/9, Freeman Rd., Nechells.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. T. Ward, 23, Kimble Grove, Pype Hayes, Erdington.
BATH.—Mrs. E. Woodman, 8, Oolite Cotts., Odd Down.
BRISTOL.—Mr. E. Sayer, 35, Old Charlotte Street, Bedminster.
BURY, LANCS.—Mrs. A. A. Gregson, 16, Fern Street.
COLYTON, DEVON.—Mr. H. White, 1, Cross Street.
CARFIN, MOTHERWELL.—Mrs. A. McCafferty, 19, New Stevenson Road.
DERBY.—Mr. W. Piggott, 64, Stockbrook Road.
FLINT.—Mrs. J. A. Fellows, 1, Brookside Cres., Northop Hall.
GLASGOW, S.E.—Mr. C. Hall, 23, Mackeith Street.
HANLEY, STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mr. T. Heath, 52, Turner Street, Birches Head.
JARROW.—Mrs. G. Staff, 338, High Street.
KILLYLEIGH, CO. DOWN.—Mr. J. Walkingshaw, Sea View.
KIDSGROVE, STAFFS.—Mr. G. Turner, 12, Chapel Street.
KIRKCALDY.—Mrs. H. Bell, 31, Commercial Street, Pathhead.
LIVERPOOL.—Mr. G. E. Flanagan, 12, Elcho Street, Kensington.
MERTHYR, GLAM.—Mr. F. Dowling 59, Plymouth Street.
MORPETH, NORTH'D.—Mr. J. Robinson, 136, Newgate St.
MARKET DEEPING.—Mr. E. Whitfield, Langtoft.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. A. Andrews, 38, Silverdale Street, Higher Openshaw.
MANCHESTER.—Mr. J. Curley, 15, Rigel Street, Ancoats.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mr. E. White, 124, Park Lane.
NEWARK.—Mr. J. Simpson, 16, Mickledale Lane, Blidworth.
NEDWORTH, NR. NUNEATON.—Mr. E. G. Judd, 162, Smorrell Lane.
NEW BRANCEPETH COLL., CO. DURHAM.—Mr. A. Tindale, 25, Prospect Terrace.
LEYLAND, NR. PRESTON.—Mr. J. Leigh, "Briarswood," 35, Yewlands Avenue.
PRESTON, LANCS.—Mr. R. H. Jones, "Thornville," Fulwood Hall Lane, Fulwood.
YNYSBWL, NR. PONTYPRIDD.—Mrs. D. J. Thomas, 79, New Road.
RINGWOOD, HANTS.—Mr. A. Symonds, Montrose, Mansfield.
WOULDHAM, NR. ROCHESTER.—Mrs. Knott, 3, Medway Place.
ROCHDALE.—Mr. T. Davies, 39, Crafton Street.
SALTAIRE.—Mrs. C. Lovatt, 45, Albert Road.
ST. MARY CRAY, KENT.—Mr. W. Challis, 4, Park Road.
STOKE, COVENTRY.—Mr. C. J. Abridge, 9, Lodge Road.
STOULTON, NR. WORCESTER.—Mrs. E. Roberts.
WELLS, SOMERSET.—Mr. F. R. Scott, 9, Ash Lane.
WANSTEAD, E.11.—Mrs. L. Rogers 22, Hall Road.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your newsagent.

To (name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 2/11/29.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

.....Date.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 2/11/29.

EVERYBODY'S HELPED HER TO WIN "BULLETS" 2,000 GUINEAS

Miss M. E. Tarratt, who won the colossal first prize of **2,000 GUINEAS** *in "Bullets" No. 730, says:—*

"I have been a reader of **'EVERYBODY'S'** for a long time, and, quite apart from its competition pages, I find it an ideal paper."

She frankly admits that **"EVERYBODY'S"** helped her to win her wonderful prize.

SOLUTIONS FOR CROSSWORDS

Do you know that readers of **"EVERYBODY'S"** have up to date this year won the magnificent total of **£103,524** in competition prizes? No other paper can show such an amazing record of success. Week after week **"EVERYBODY'S"** readers figure in the big "Bullets," "Trumps," "Nuggets," Picture Puzzle, Crosswords and other prize lists. As **"EVERYBODY'S"** has helped them, so it can help you too.

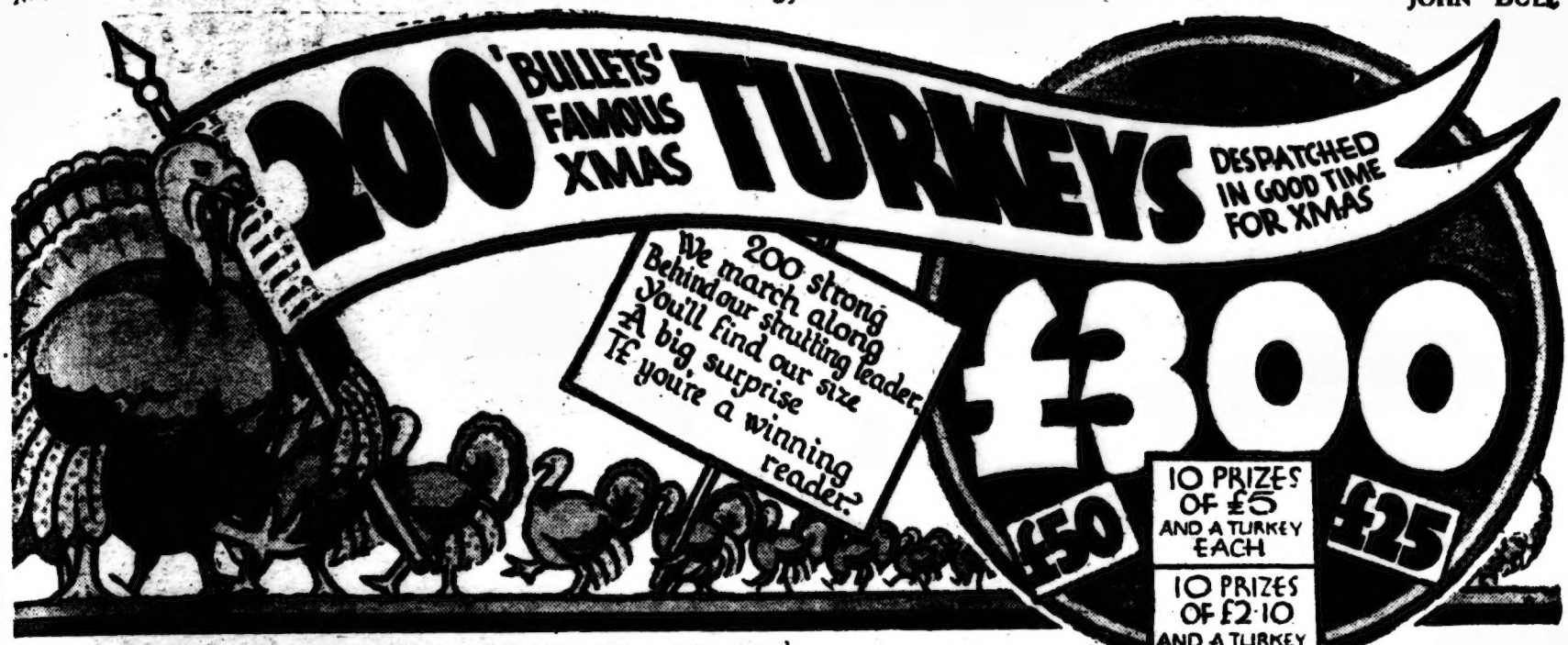
You will be surprised to find what an excellent paper you get for twopence in **"EVERYBODY'S."** In addition to its many pages of competition advice and complete solutions with all the alternatives you require, **"EVERYBODY'S" gives you 36 pages of Short Stories, pictures, jests, gossip, pages for Women and Children, best Racing and Football Forecasts, etc., etc.—it has in fact something for everybody in the home. There is no other paper like it.**

FREE In order to convince you of the amazing value in this paper we are prepared to send you a copy of **"EVERYBODY'S"** free and post paid if you send a postcard to **"EVERYBODY'S"** (Dept. J.B.), 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. Write at once—or go out and buy a copy from your newsagent. It is only twopence. You can buy it everywhere.

Everybody's

THE POPULAR WEEKLY.

Everywhere. 36 PAGES 2d.



500 PRIZES OF 2/6 8000 TARGET PRIZES

RESERVE YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER NOW!

WIN one of the 200 fine Turkeys offered this week and you'll be proud as a peacock when you sit down to dinner on Christmas Day. "Tender as any chicken," "It was a beauty," "Never tasted a finer bird"—these are just a few tributes from winners of *Bullets* Turkeys last year.

This is the way to win one. To any of the *Examples* given on this page, add some comment of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which links up with the chosen *Example* in an apt and original way. Here is an instance:—Suppose you chose the *Example* SAFE ANCHORAGE, the added words THROUGH "SAILING INTO" WORK would form a complete *Bullet*.

£787 10s. CASH WON THIS WEEK.

FIRST PRIZE OF 400 GUINEAS. COMPETITION 733.

Mr. H. H. Harvey, 104, Monks Road, Lincoln.

Example:—DESTROYING BEAUTY

Bullet:—"THE ELMS" REPLACING ELMS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. G THOMAS, Ash Priors, Nr. Taunton, Som.

Example:—Startling.

Bullet:—What "Winding Up" "Unravels." (Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. C. V. Gill, 82, Mount Pleasant, Barrow-in-Furness.

Example:—From The Sea.

Bullet:—Taking "Power," Strengthening Nations.

3 PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

Mrs. G. HAYES, 120, Kirkewhite Street, Nottingham.
Patiently—"Inquest" on Coroners Awaited.

H. TULLEY, Gordon Arms, Orton, Peterboro'.
Wave Of Enthusiasm—"Ripple" Of Ridicule Kills.

G. H. WHEELER, 63, Woodwards Road, East Dulwich, S.E.
Dodging—His *Debtors*, Prince's Problem.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

R. BLOCKMAN, High Street, Southampton.
Towards The Light—"Groping"—Towards Limelight, "Scrambling."

J. CAMPBELL, 7, Phillip Street, Londonderry.
When He Saw Her—Stopped—Looked—Still Listening!

T. A. DOBSON, 13, Flinton Grove, Preston Road, Hull.
Upsetting The Apple Cart—Of Bankrupts, "Tighter Rein."

H. T. GIBSON, 129, Bentley Road, Doncaster
When The Prince Flies—He's "Traveller" In Aircraft.

Mrs. B. D. HOPKINS, 43, Southcourt Avenue, Linslade, Leighton Buzzard.
Dress Reformer—Once *Frost-bitten*, Twice Shy.

C. E. JOHNSON, 34, Playfield Crescent, E. Dulwich, S.E.
Millionaire's Ambition—Increasing Pile—Decreasing Pills.

K. H. JULER, 30, Tarvin Road, Chester.
I Love Music, But—"Scales" Weigh Me Down.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

J. H. NEWMAN, 18, Copson Street, Thetford.
When The Prince Flies—Wings Lend Us *Fear*.

V. J. WEAVERS, 74, Orchard Lane, Southampton.
Modernised—Farm—Same Old Cow!

E. WELLS, 4, Pepys Street, Harwich, Essex.
Should Be Possible—Modernised Railways—Old-fashioned Fares.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Sergt. W. BOOTH, 1st Lincoln Regt., Dover.
Millionaire's Ambition—Probably "Nook," Not "Corner."

R. E. CATON, 48, West Street, Leytonstone.
Father's Thirst—Explaining, Makes Him Dry.

J. FOSTER, Stock Ghyll, Windermere.
Modernised—Railways Would "Take More." (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

H. POWLES, 11, Cottrel Road, Bristol.
British Pluck—Briton "Squanders"—History "Stores."

N. RAIGH, c/o Read, Chemist, Moorends, Doncaster.
Autumn Fashions—Unimportant—Clothing. Mother's Problem.

J. HILL, 70, Tamworth Road, Newcastle.
Man Who Can Talk—M-m-makes M-m-me E-envy Him!

Mrs. A. E. KEMP, 7, Poplar Street, Burley.
Man Who Can Talk—"Jimmy," But Results "Dismal."

L. L. MARCHANT (Staff), Hotel Victoria, Milford-on-Sea.
Millionaire's Ambition—Sleep—Despite Forty Bedrooms.

J. H. SPIBY, 12, Regent Road, Widnes, Lancs.
I Love Music, But—Not Reason Organ-grinder Paid!

H. THOMPSON, 30, Munition Street, Petre Street, Sheffield.
Dress Reformer—"Sensibly" Clothed—Looking Idiotic.

A list of 25 £1 and 50 10/- winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all winners. A list of 700 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets" Bulletin, our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O. crossed and made payable to JOHN BULL, brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Advance details for "Bullets" No: 737.

First Prize, £300—Second Prize, £50—Third Prize, £25—10 prizes of £5 and a Hamper each—10 prizes of £2 10s. and a Hamper each—500 prizes of 2/6—8,000 "Target" Prizes—50 Hampers—250 Cakes. Examples Below:

Not British—What Matters To-day—When New—Pitfalls—The Opposition—She's Only Seventeen, But—Entranced—Mania for Spending—Conjuror Cupid—So Far—In A Good Cause—Loneliness—Coyly—The Public Forgets—Not Yet Over—Should Be Compulsory—A Long Way Behind—Talking About Marriage—Inexplicable—Her Heart Sank When—Shadow Of The Sword—Passing—Going on the "Talkies"—Rules Of The Game—Bridging The Atlantic—He's So Rich That—Believe Me—Light Of His Life—If You Can—Birds Of A Feather—With A Sigh Of Relief—"Move Along, Please!"

(Closing Saturday, November 16.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 736.

UNKIND WORLD
WE LOVE AMERICA, BUT
BACK AGAIN
SOMETHING IN THE CITY
ALL THE NICE GIRLS
CLEVER
SAFE ANCHORAGE
UNUSUAL
"GOAL! GOAL!"
THE AUDIENCE
BROTHER JONATHAN

STILL INCREASING
IN THE NEWS
SWALLOWS ANYTHING
THUNDERING ALONG
WHEN GUESTS LEAVE
FATHER'S COLLAR-STUD
ON THE INDUSTRIAL FRONT
SAFELY
MINE OF INFORMATION
AN ACHING HEART
UNDER HER THUMB

KISSED BY THE SUN
LOSING
MAN IN UNIFORM
GETTING INTO HIS STRIDE
FIRST
THE WOLF
POLICEMAN'S HAND
WAVE OF ECONOMY
BREAKING THE WINDOW
WHEN SKIES ARE GREY

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Nov. 9.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(736) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Nov. 9.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(736) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Bullets must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Nov. 9.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(736) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

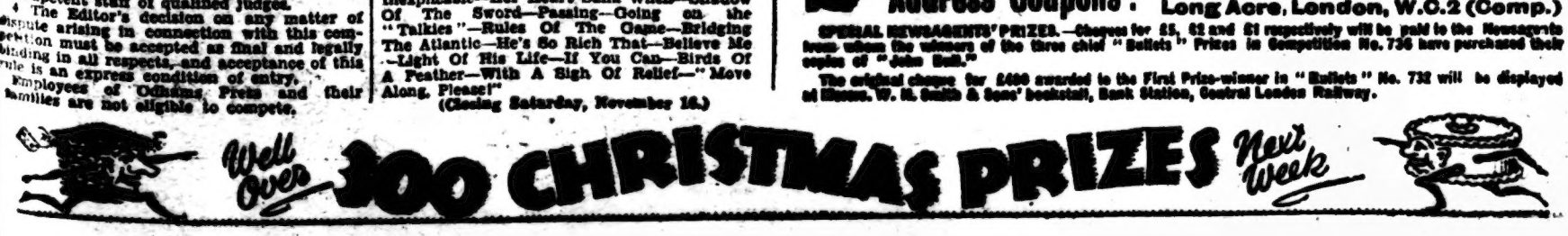
Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, Nov. 9.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(736) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 736, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 736 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £400 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 732 will be displayed at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons' bookstall, Bank Station, Central London Railway.



Now! 9 models —all guaranteed and all at 1/3

BLACK
TAN
TRIPLE WAVE
BLUE
GREEN
YELLOW
and
GREEN
BLUE
and
RED
Mottled
with a choice of 5 nib points

Select your Platignum from this wide range— and ENJOY *writing!*

PLATIGNUM Pens are available now in greater variety than ever before. For 1/3 you can select from amongst 9 different coloured models the pen that suits you best. Platignum pens are guaranteed. All are fitted with uncorrodible nibs, impervious to every kind of ink and climate, and untarnishable fittings. They carry more ink than any pen of equal size and occupy but little space in the pocket. Go to your stationers today and choose from the five nib points available the Platignum that suits you best. No pen at any price will give you better writing service.

PLATIGNUM GUARANTEE

Platignum Fountain pens are guaranteed against all defects of construction or material. Any fault developing during normal usage will be rectified free of charge.

INSTANT FLOW DEVICE. When cap is fitted, nib is enclosed in airtight compartment. Thus it is always moist and ready to write. This high-price pen feature is found in all Platignum models.

See also the following models at 2/6.

Platignum Senior in Jade Green, Lapis Blue, Red Marbled, and Black. A1 Major, extra ink capacity and specially shaped A1 nib for better writing. In Triple Mottle and Black Chased. Also writing sets consisting of 1/3 Pen and Propelling Pencil to match in Presentation Case—2s. 6d.

YOUR STATIONER SELLS THEM.

Platignum

MENTMORE MFG. CO., LTD., Dept. B.J.3, Tudor Grove, Hackney, E.9.

Gibbs Shaving Soaps

Now you'll enjoy your Gibbs Cold Cream Shave even more

GIBBS SHAVING STICK.....1/3
Refills .....10d.
GIBBS SHAVING BOWLS (Ebony finish).....2/6
WOODEN BOWLS 1/6&2/6
Refills 1/-
GIBBS SHAVING CREAM 1/- & 1/6

SEND FOR TRIAL SAMPLE
of Gibbs Shaving Soap and Cream enclosing 3d. in stamps to D. & W. GIBBS LTD. (Dept. V 106), LONDON, E.1.

G.S.32D.

How you enjoy a Gibbs Cold Cream shave. That rich creamy, always-moist lather makes a joy of a job. Quickly and easily the stiffest beard comes off. You revel in the exhilarating after-effects of that marvellous cold cream—seeping soothingly into the pores. Your skin—now so smoothly shaved—is soft and supple. You feel so clean—so cool—so much refreshed—after a Gibbs shave. And now here's an added pleasure. New, lovely, ebony-finish containers—Bowl and Stick. Gleamingly, glisteningly black. But beauty with a purpose. Non-corrosive. These new containers preserve to the last inch, all the wonderful freshness and fragrance of Gibbs—there is no waste. Next time ask for Gibbs, the British Soap in the New Container. Or Gibbs Shaving Cream with the new ebony-finish cap.

Gibbs Shaving Soaps

GRAVES 'TRIUMPH' BARGAIN BALE

is the most amazing Quality and Value Offer ever put before the readers of this journal.

It includes the following superb quality goods:

One Pair WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS with Blue Borders. Warranted to wear and wash well. Whipped edges. Size 60 x 80ins. Weight 11bs pair.

One Pair ALL WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS of excellent make and finish. Extremely durable. Whipped edges. Size 60 x 80ins. Weight 11bs pair.

One Pair GREY BOLTON TWILL SHEETS of guaranteed quality. Hemmed and finished ready for use. Size 70 x 90ins. Weight 6lbs pair.

A COLOURED ALHAMBRA QUILT of pastoral design, finished and hemmed ready for use. Size: 70 x 90ins.

A BLEACHED DAMASK TABLE CLOTH in a very handsome floral design, beautifully finished. Size 58ins square.

Two pure WHITE PILLOW CASES with flap and buttoned ends. Size 20 x 30ins.

A pure WHITE BOLSTER CASE to match. Size 20 x 63ins.

VERY IMPORTANT *By way of extra benefit, and to demonstrate that reliable Sheffield Cutlery is still the finest product of its kind in the World, we are including in the Graves 'TRIUMPH' Bargain Bale a 16-Piece Sheffield Cutlery and Plate Service for the use of four persons.*

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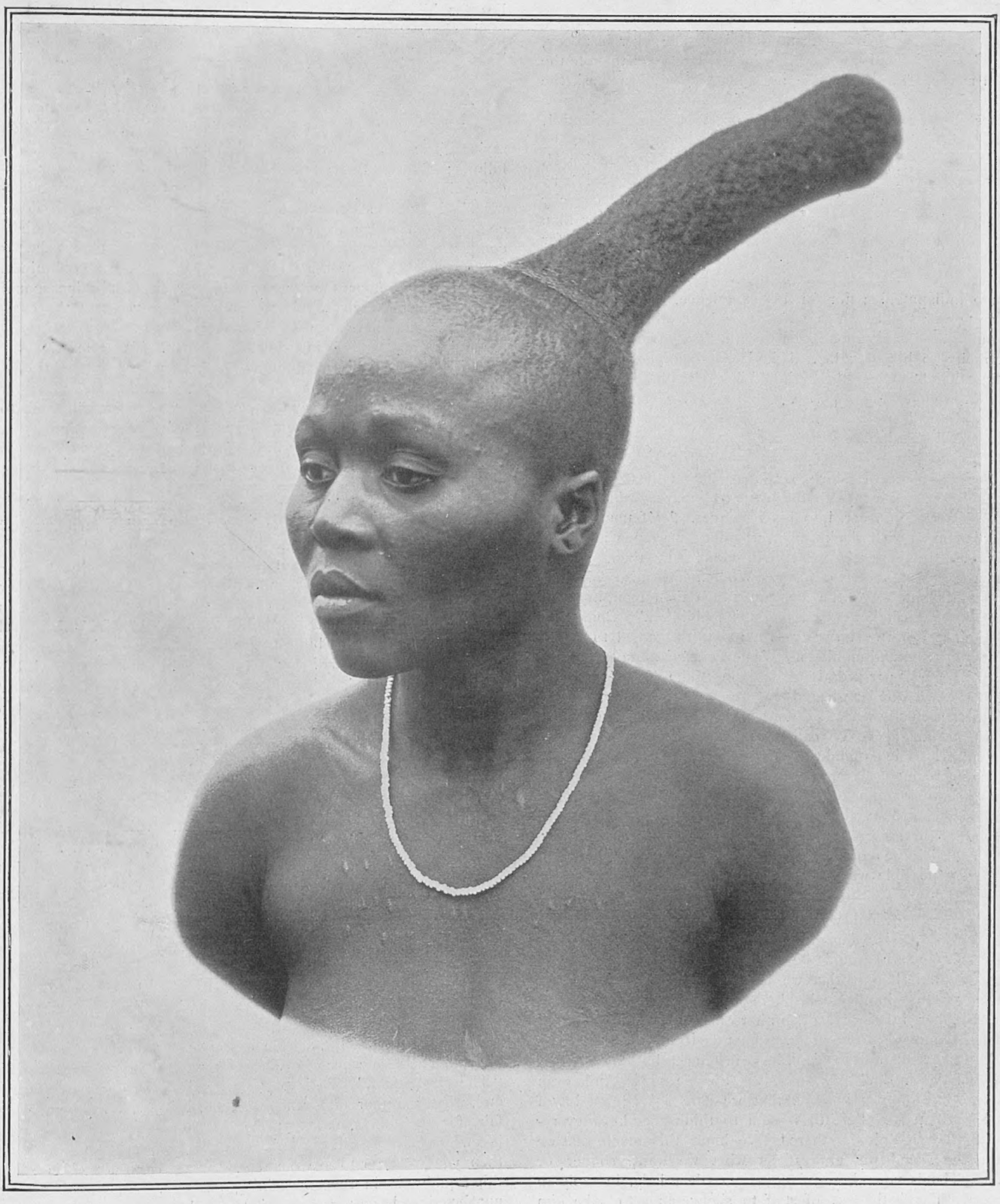

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